

The Cross the Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1924

No. 5

Current Fact and Comment

A. D. 1924

RING out the old!" "Ring in the new!" Which message of the poet's bells stirs us more deeply? Only to entertain regret over the past year's faults and failures is a fruitless exercise. Much more profitable is sorrow that has atoning virtue and that regards the future with an earnest purpose of amendment. It is in such a mood that we can best contemplate the steady march of time and the brevity of the span of life with equanimity. The plain formula for a life destined to extend blissfully beyond the span of time is "penance and good works."

A prayer in the votive Mass for the sick begins, "O God, at Whose nod the moments of our lives run . . . What would you think, as Cardinal Newman asks, of a man standing by a leaking cask, watching its precious contents flow into the highway, watching the waste of it grow greater and greater, without a thought to stop it? Consider how the moments of life verging constantly as a stream toward the sea of eternity may be redeemed and rendered precious by our employing them in union with God, in deeds of charity, in good works.

But when that Mass is offered for one fast nearing the end another prayer is substituted and the priest implores, "Grant, O Lord . . . that he who in this life hath been beaten (literally, *ground down*) by the scourges of Thy Providence, may find eternal peace in the life to come." The allusion is to works of penance. It is a grinding, thrashing, purifying process. It requires the scourge, the mallet, and many a stroke, *tunsione plurima*, of the wholesome rasp, *scalprie salubris*, of mortification. Death is the final subduing of all human cravings and passions. But the practice of penance betimes mitigates the violence of the process.

WHY CATHOLICS ARE NOT WANTED

THE familiar specification "Protestant" found in advertisements for domestic help is equivalent to "Catholic not wanted." However, there is often no sectarian animus back of the restriction. Rather is it indicative of a household arrived at the last stage of paganism. The morning of the Lord's Day must be given over to rest indeed, but only that sort of rest that fully indulges a slothful body. Catholic maids, for example, who attempt to leave the care of children to the parents while absenting themselves for an hour at Mass on Sunday mornings, are petulantly asked why they don't go to Mass in the evening, or are informed that Church-going is all a rank nuisance or they have to listen to other objections couched in similarly startling terms generally by the materfamilias.

While the eugenists are concerned about fitness for parenthood from the physical standpoint, why is not grave concern manifested over the unfitness of many parents to raise children morally equipped for society, for citizenship and for the inevitable conflict with temptation? Selfishness is tantamount to cruelty when parents not only live pampered lives themselves but lead their children also in the same way and expose them to the same destruction.

GETTING OUR BEARINGS

WHEN one of the most tremendously busy men in the financial district was recently overtaken by illness he was inspired to ask, "Is it good for busy, hustling, eagerly-ambitious men to be laid flat on their backs once in a while?" For himself, he answered affirmatively. He was of the very common class who create the impression that their genius and personal direction are indispensable to any project they may have in hand. Only by chance do they dis-

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cover the compensations of withdrawing from the thick of things. That financier learned how wholesome is relaxation from self-centred and self-satisfied habits of mind, allowing the faculties thus released to engage themselves spontaneously in investing all the incidents of life with bigger meaning. His reflections bore fruit in commendable resolutions of the altruistic sort.

Those who likewise suspect baneful effects from their constant absorption in material pursuits do not have to wait for illness to afford them an opportunity for reflection. They may voluntarily choose the occasion for themselves at any season by making a week-end retreat such as are now generally conducted in convenient centers.

We appeal to the experience of those who have made these retreats. Their testimony is a record of pleasant surprises—the result of investing things and events with spiritual meaning, of setting the temporal and eternal in true perspective. Thus new bearings are obtained for the conduct of life's affairs and restlessness and vain groping give place to a high order of progress and efficiency.

FACISMO AND THE CHURCH

THE Italian Government continues to lend its aid in the fostering of religion. Ceremonies in connection with the first anniversary of the Fascist March on Rome, the anniversary of the final victory over Austria, and All Souls' Day were attended jointly by ecclesiastical and government personages and bodies. At the Solemn Masses for the dead warriors and at the religious services for the Unknown Soldier civil and public authorities were present at the express wish of Signor Mussolini who, in his proclamation, declared, "The open-air Mass and the other religious ceremonies which have taken place during these days are proof that Facismo considers religion as a fundamental element in the life of the people." Later, in his opening speech at Milan he claimed that, far from hurting the Church, he had "increased its prestige as a pillar of national welfare and as the sacred patrimony of the people." In the towns throughout the kingdom the priests who marched in the corteges were especially noticeable for the number of decorations they wore.

EVOLUTION AND FAITH

AMID the claims and counterclaims on the subject of evolution it is well to know as precisely as possible what faith requires us to hold. There are distinctions to be noted both as to evolution itself and as to the formality of the Church's definitions regarding it. From *America* we reproduce here the clear

and comprehensive conclusion of an article, "Evolution and Religion", by Father Le Buffe, S. J. Having reminded us that there is question only of man's body, that both faith and reason make clear the impossibility of the evolution of man's spiritual soul from matter, Fr. Le Buffe continues:

Can I believe in the Bible and yet believe that mankind came into existence by tribal evolution, i. e. that a tribe of men evolved from a tribe of sub-men, and these in turn from a pre-man, pre-monkey tribe? I can not. The Bible, both Old and New Testament, clearly teaches that the present human race began with a single man and woman. With this fact of original oneness of parentage is linked, through the Fall and Original Sin, the validity of Christianity itself.

But what of Adam's body? Did or did not that evolve, according to the Bible, from a pre-human stock? The Bible itself without the official interpretation of the Church does not seem clear on this point. A final, infallible, and, therefore, irrevocable interpretation has not been given by the Church; but an interpretation, binding on all Catholics as long as it stands, is the decree of the Biblical Commission for June 30, 1909, which affirms the non-evolution of Adam's body. As long as that decree stands, a Catholic who would teach the evolution of Adam's body would commit a "grave fault", according to Pope Pius X.

THE PRODIGY OF THE CROSS

BENJAMIN W. BACON, Professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis at Yale, admits that Protestantism, unfortunately, in its rejection of ecclesiastical authority and in its acceptance of Scripture interpreted according to individual reason as the only external standard had but one hope left of avoiding unlimited sectarian subdivision which its Roman opponents predicted for it. Unity of view, he asserts, would be impossible without scientific criticism. The professor seems aware of the essentially human character of such a foundation for inerrancy and uniformity of view. He would make it broadly comprehensive and disarm opposition by dispensing with the miraculous in the Scriptural record or by interpreting what is inexplicable as the manifestation of "personal superhuman power" with a "message to the soul." The God we serve is not a God of confusion. Miracles, forsooth, being against law and order, would make Him such. And to admit miracles in the mode of divine action is to depart from a reverent conception of that action. We may measure the professor's mentality by his approval of Edward Robinson's explication of the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea: "the blowing of a strong east wind throughout the night might afford a providential [not miraculous] deliverance to Moses and Israel over the exposed shallows."

Especially interesting is the professor's admis-

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sion that criticism too commonly fails to follow the central current of events which lead up to Calvary and the spread of its message throughout the world. He lays stress upon the "providential story of Jewish history as it culminated in the life and death and resurrection of Jesus" and he seems to be painfully aware of the usual issue of his own concessions and compromises as he observes in the *Yale Review*:

To throw open the story of the Cross and Resurrection to historical inquiry without reserve or guarantee seems like endangering the very citadel of the faith. In the Gospel records it is enshrined in miracle. . . . considerations such as these have helped to concentrate the effort of New Testament critics on the problem of the teaching of Jesus, to the relative neglect of the story of the Cross. They ask us to be satisfied with the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer. So far as Liberal theology has permitted itself to be diverted from its true vocation to such subsidiary purposes as this, it is high time it made confession of its failure and atoned for it by ceasing to confuse ethics with religion, and the gospel of Redemption with the mere example and precept of a Preacher of righteousness. . . . Historically, from the days of Peter and Paul, Christianity has been in fact the word of the Cross. Men have believed in the glad tidings because they accepted the death and resurrection of Jesus as the culminating act in a divine drama of world redemption. . . .

The professor does not solve his problem by urging us to recognize that a Christ without miracles is not less divine, or by the scarcely original subterfuge that the mode of divine working may be *differently conceived in different ages* while the everlasting Gospel remains. His insisting upon the obligation to *interpret* in our day rather than to *repeat* the gospel of Reconciliation is more ingenious than convincing. It is a vicious distinction that will not stay the progress of "sectarian subdivision" while it still leaves many who crave security crying out "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

THE ISSUE OF BIGOTRY

A REVIEW of the country's history reveals bigotry steadily appearing in wave movements. The lamented Dr. John Talbot Smith has further observed in the *Dublin Review*:

It is a curious fact in Catholic American history that a war has always happened to disrupt anti-Catholic movements of any importance. The war with Mexico evaporated the Native-American Party, the Civil War dissolved the Know-Nothing Party, the war with Spain gave the American Protective Association its death blow, and the European War dissipated the storm which the bigots were brewing since 1905.

Among all these wars the European conflict was the most crucial test of Catholic patriotism because of inevitable sympathies and of certain antipathies. It should not so soon require another war to convince

Americans of Catholic fealty, as the same writer implies in recalling the letter by which Cardinal Gibbons pledged the vigorous loyalty of all Catholics and thereby relieved the then embarrassed Government. "The letter was superb, but its spirit and timeliness were beyond praise, and can be quoted against bigots for another century."

There will always be a nucleus of malignant spirits at hand to excite prejudice and raise alarms as soon as a sufficient period has elapsed to make the oft rebutted charges appear plausible to a new and guileless generation. Unquestionably, various hardships have been imposed and, in certain quarters, are now being imposed upon Catholics through these movements. But invariably the Church issues in greater esteem. Many have attained to right knowledge and admiration of the Church solely through the defensive process by which these movements inevitably ended in collapse and oblivion.

No other fate is augured for the Klan, and sane prophets allow but a few years at most for the same clarifying process to issue with the Church's true claims revealed to new thousands and with the great body of those who aligned themselves with this latest form of bigotry heartily ashamed of its injustices and absurdities.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A MAJORITY of the voters of Oregon having decided to take upon themselves, to the exclusion of private schools, the education of children, they might weigh the significance of subsequent occurrences in adjoining States. At a recent meeting of the Spokane School Board the Jews filed a protest against the singing of Christmas carols in the public schools. A short while previously the King James version of the Bible had been ruled out of the public schools of California.

We should presume that most of the sensible people of Oregon did not intend to favor the exclusion of religion from education. They were probably under the complacent impression that Protestantism was indigenous to American life and genius and that, once the children were all safely corralled in the public schools, they could uniformly be fed up on it. In order to be disillusioned they must come in conflict with the laws safeguarding religious freedom. By what indisputable right can they oblige Jewish children to attend public school classes exclusively and hear Jesus of Nazareth extolled as God and as the Savior of the human race?

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* commented speciously: "The Bolsheviks in Russia, who have thrown the Bible out of their schools, will be glad to learn of the California decision. . . The Bible is above race

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and creed. It is a great monument, an embodiment of human struggle, aspiration and experience, a narrative of travel, of civilization through the ages, quite apart from all question as to its origin or its claims to divine authority. . . . Limitless testimony might be adduced from authors who have owed much of their art of self-expression to their study of the book."

It is rank sophistry to compare the California Court with Bolsheviks without distinguishing between the act and the motive. Not the Bible, but a sectarian version of it was concerned. Besides, Protestants cannot consistently grant that the Bible is above creed. The authority and integrity of the Scriptures are fundamental to their belief. But to insist upon their version with its omissions and variations as the common standard for all children in the public schools is the height of presumption.

The futility of the Protestant idea of accommodation is exemplified in a case where it was applied under the new plan of weekday religious instruction. At the request of the numerous ministers and the priest in a large and aristocratic town of northern New Jersey the school board allowed one hour's recess weekly for religious instruction in the local churches. Classes were immediately formed for Catholic children and have been conducted by the pastor himself and his assistants with splendid results especially for the children of foreign parents. The ministers, unable to arouse sufficient interest in their separate churches, formed a joint class leaving the direction of the course to the discretion of a lady superintendent. When this broad plan had been well under way we were allowed to peruse a letter directed to the ministers by a well known lawyer of the district, an Episcopalian, protesting against the text-book selected for the class. The letter contained a remarkably clear analysis of the text-book's presentation of Christian fundamentals. Here was liberalism in its most radical form stirring the writer to indignant protest. And here was a Protestant layman demanding that his own spiritual leaders seriously consider the woeful consequences in the rising generation of that sort of accommodation with religious truths.

PLAIN CHANT A LA MODE

MANY fail to reconcile the glowing descriptions of the Church's liturgical chant with that chant as they commonly hear it rendered. They miss the sublime inspiration, the exaltation, the heavenly motif and all that goes to make it the reputed echo of angelic harmonies, because they have not been privileged to hear the chant rendered proficiently.

It is quite possible effectively to point out to amateur singers of the chant certain corrigible faults

that tend to cause uneasiness, weariness and even irritation in long-suffering congregations. Sir Richard Terry, writing in the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*, refers to these more common faults and suggests the remedies:

There is a common fallacy in choirs that when they have sung the correct note they have done all that is required of them. The commonest example of this was the old Viennese Masses that were bawled fortissimo from start to finish. Poor, long-suffering congregations were seldom subtle enough to explain why such performances wearied or irritated them. The real fact, however, was that their ears revolted against the monotony of colorless fortissimo singing, which gave them no relief.

Another source of mysterious uneasiness to the congregation is the responses as commonly rendered. They usually begin boldly on the first chord; they are dragged out to unconscionable length, and finally tail off in etiolated impotency.

Much of the popular dislike of Plainsong is only the revolt of the ear against its heavy rendering, with loud accompaniment and loud, monotonous tone-color.

THE PEACE AWARD

THE noisy acclaim that greeted the first announcement of the armistice proved to be the only manifestation of genuine joy that followed the victory of the allies. The intervening years have brought only disappointment, ironic allusions to the hollowness of victory and general lamenting over the stubbornness of minds and the inadequacy of plans concerning the issues.

While the Bok peace award will be conferred rather for "the best practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations looking toward the prevention of war," it should at the same time suggest a solution of the intransigent conditions left over from the World War.

From the failure of ambassadors and diplomats to present that solution we are reminded of the fortuitous circumstances that selected them for the task rather than others of greater genius and circumspection. It was to arouse the interest of the latter that so munificent a reward, \$100,000., was offered.

The winning plan will be announced about Jan. 1. To compel consideration and the ultimate adoption of it the general approval of the citizens will be sought by a referendum.

We may not expect that the prize plan will suggest actual participation by the Holy Father in the efforts to restore peace and to stabilize it. But should it, at least, give consideration to the motives urged by him, we exhort our readers to take a lively interest in it and to add their voice of approval, trusting that so extraordinary an effort, sanctioned by brilliant and disinterested minds, may not have been in vain.

A Dr. Cook Discovery

By R. A. MCGOWAN

THE open shop department of the National Association of Manufacturers has paid deep respect to Pope Leo's Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. In two distinct circular mimeographed propaganda letters, sent respectfully and respectively to the Catholic clergy of the United States and to the clergy of various denominations in Chicago and vicinity, it has quoted a sentence from the Encyclical in defense of its position. This is high praise indeed.

For the organized manufacturers of the United States to appeal to even one sentence of the Great Encyclical in behalf of an industrial policy warms the heart of a Catholic. When their organization goes to the trouble of reading Pope Leo's Encyclical and then writes letters to priests and ministers on a sentence found therein, there is hope. It does not mark a new epoch in human history, but it is important.

It is especially important because the open-shop department has found something new. Thirty-two years have passed away since Pope Leo gave the world the great charter. Many learned and zealous men have since read and pondered its pages. Yet none found what the open-shop department of the Manufacturers' Association has discovered.

It is still more important because the interpretation which it places upon the sentence it quotes is amazing and startling. All these years since the Encyclical was written the Catholic Church has been following one policy towards American labor unions. It has placed no ban upon them. Catholics were free to join them. In fact, Catholics have been encouraged to join the union of their trade or industry. What proportion of union membership is Catholic, no one knows, but certainly it is large. Many prominent labor leaders, both men and women, are Catholics. Yet at this late date after all these years we learn that shortly after the American Federation of Labor was established and while the old Knights of Labor was still strong Pope Leo condemned nearly all the unions in the United States. This is indeed startling and, if true, is a severe indictment both of the Catholic Church in this country and the authorities in Rome.

How can one explain such gross malfeasance in office? Pope Leo himself lived for several years after he wrote the sentence. Yet he took no action. Three Popes have reigned since his death and the matter has been passed over. The American Hierarchy has done nothing. No voice has been raised from the ranks of Catholics to reform the Church in this country and purge it of its time-serving, its neglect,—yes, even its

temerariousness, its undisciplined disobedience, its stiff-necked obtuseness of mind, if not of will, for not having acted upon the words which the open-shop department of the Manufacturers' Association has snatched from the Encyclical.

It is bitter to think that the open-shop department in paying respect to the Encyclical should be suavely indicting at the same time a whole generation of Catholics and their leaders. The joy we feel in seeing the National Association of Manufacturers venerate a treasure of our Church is simply curdled. We take no pleasure from it. Rather do we grieve.

WE do not grieve immediately. Indeed, our first emotion is anger. For we resent being told, however kindly, that we have done wrong. We search for motives and we remember that it was said in a certain man's youth that "every man is a liar" and we think of gold being the root of all evil. We say to ourselves: "It is the business of the propaganda open-shop department to make propaganda. That is what it is hired by its employers to do. It is merely doing its work." We go on to say to ourselves: "The open-shop department is working for the Manufacturers' Association which is against the unions. Unions make manufacturers pay higher wages and temper their pride as employers and masters of men. The open-shop department is merely trying to lift a load from the consciences of manufacturers by propagandizing ministers and priests."

But we know that such thoughts as these are not a logical answer, and it will do no good to search for motives which might have prompted the open-shop department of the Manufacturers' Association. We must meet the issue squarely. If Pope Leo condemned American labor unions, so be it. "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault" is the prayer that we must say. What if it is to the financial interest of the open-shop department, the Manufacturers' Association and the associated manufacturers? Let justice be done and let there be no evasion.

The argument of the open-shop department runs like this:

Pope Leo condemned the closed union shop as something not compatible with Christianity.

Practically all American labor unions advocate the closed union shop.

Therefore, Pope Leo condemned practically all American labor unions.

The first proposition is the important point. It is called the major proposition and to deny a major

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proposition is almost unheard of. It would be easier to have the open-shop department prove its second or minor proposition and attack its proofs and show where they are not conclusive. But this would avoid the main issue.

So let us return to it. Pope Leo condemned the closed union shop, that is to say, a shop in which a union forces an employer to refuse to hire any but union men. So the allegations runs. Where does Pope Leo condemn it? "In the following sentence," says the open-shop department, (and it underlines certain words to make the sentence clear or muddy as the case may be): "There is a good deal of evidence which goes to prove that many of these societies (Labor Unions) are in the hands of invisible leaders, and are managed on principles *far from compatible with Christianity* and the public well-being; and *that they* do their best to get into their hands the whole field of labor and to *force workmen either to join them or to starve.*"

This is a long sentence and it is divided by a semicolon. To underline a few words before the semicolon and a few words after it so as to hint at a close connection between them looks tricky. Maybe they have no connection at all. Maybe the words after the semicolon are an additional thought. The punctuation would indicate it. Let us see.

POPE Leo says that some unions are in the hands of invisible leaders and follow anti-Christian principles. Semicolon. And they try to force every workingman to join their movement or starve.

That is all he says. If you underline "anti-Christian principles" and "force every workingman to join their movement or starve" and if you glance hurriedly or with a preconceived notion at the paragraph you get the idea that Pope Leo says that a union which tries to force every workingman to join the union labor movement or starve is following anti-Christian prin-

ciples. Instead, what he does say is that *some* unions follow anti-Christian principles and try to force workingmen, through getting control of the whole field of labor, to join an anti-Christian movement or starve. Underlining parts of two separate statements will not change it any.

As it happened, the open-shop department stopped at the end of this sentence. Pope Leo didn't, and there is no reason why we should. The only reason why the open-shop department stopped with this sen-

tence, or, if it received the quotation from some obliging friend, the only reason why he stopped with this sentence was that if the rest of the paragraph had been given the case of the open-shop department would have been infinitely weakened.

For Pope Leo added: "Under these circumstances the Christian workmen must do one of two things: either join associations in which their religion will be exposed to peril or form associations among themselves—unite their forces and courageously shake off the yoke of an unjust and intolerable oppression. No one who does not wish to expose man's chief good to extreme danger will hesitate to say that the second alternative must by all means be adopted."

IF the open-shop department is right in its interpretation, Pope Leo said that as soon as a union tries to control the whole field of labor, Christian workingmen should start unions of their own. There is no choice, he solemnly says, for the faith of

Christian workingmen is in peril as soon as a union tries to introduce the closed union shop. This sounds ridiculous. No wonder the friend of the open-shop department did not oblige with the rest of the paragraph.

But it fits in well with what Pope Leo really said. For an anti-Christian union which aims at such strength as will force all the workingmen to join an organization directed by anti-Christian principles or

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By Lois Donovan

North and south and east and west
It's arms extend:
It's shadow falls across the World.--
World without end
It shall be symbol of a love
So deep, so high,
So broad, so long enduring
You and I
Might never hope to span it
Nor to be
Partners with Christ in His
Love's Calvary,
But that, O Majesty!
He wills it so,
And in His Eucharist gives us
That grace to know;
Wherefore the sweetness that is pain
When in our hearts
Christ the sweet secret of His Love imparts--
Wherefore the Cross
Upon the Altar Bread
For "In hoc singo vincit"
Jesus said.

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starve must be fought by Christian workingmen with unions of their own. In fact, this is what has happened on the European Continent. Many of the unions were anti-Christian and there was nothing for the working people who believed in Christ and His teachings but to create organizations of their own. This they have done.

With all apologies proper in such a situation there is nothing to do but deny the major proposition of the open-shop department. Pope Leo did not condemn the closed union shop and therefore even if practically all

American unions advocate the closed union shop, Pope Leo did not condemn them.

This is a pleasant conclusion. Even apart from the stigma which the open-shop department delicately and politely wished to place upon the Church, there is still another consideration. The hope of American workingmen lies chiefly in the labor union movement. It would be a cruel blow to Catholic workingmen and to all workingmen in the United States if they would be given over, as Pope Leo said, "isolated and defenceless to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition."

The Significance of National Catholic Press Sunday

BY CHARLES S. McMAHON

ONE of the important actions of the Archbishops and Bishops of the American Hierarchy at their annual meeting at the Catholic University of America last September was the adoption of a resolution setting aside Sunday, January 27, 1924, as National Catholic Press Sunday. The Sunday selected precedes by two days the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, designated by Pope Leo XIII as "Patron of the Catholic Press," and last year proclaimed by Pope Pius XI, in an encyclical published in commemoration of the Tercentenary of the Death of St. Francis, "Patron of Catholic Writers and Newspaper Men."

While Catholic Press Sunday has long been observed in many European countries, notably in Spain, where the preparation usually covers a period of several months, it remained for the American Bishops, functioning through the Department of Publicity, Press and Literature of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to set aside a time annually when Catholic thought and action might be mobilized throughout the whole country for the special purpose of increasing the circulation of Catholic publications—including books, magazines, pamphlets—and in particular for promoting the wider circulation of the Catholic newspapers affiliated with the Press Department of the N. C. W. C.

The action taken by the Archbishops and Bishops in Washington last September had a precedent in their annual conference in September, 1920, when they voted unanimously in favor of a resolution calling upon the clergy and laity of the United States to unite in a great, organized, nation-wide movement in behalf of the Catholic press. As a consequence the entire month of March, 1921, was set aside as a time during which special efforts would be made to promote a Catholic Press campaign. Right Reverend William T. Russell Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, then Chair-

man of the N. C. W. C. Department of Press and Publicity, wrote to all the Archbishops and Bishops in the country asking their cooperation in the plans for National Catholic Press Month and further requesting them to urge upon their pastors to arrange for sermons to be delivered during the month on the subject of the Catholic press and its importance to the work of the Church. Bishop Russell's appeal met with the most cordial response and practically all the members of the American Hierarchy addressed to the faithful special pastorals dealing with the subject and urging both clergy and people to support the Catholic Press Month movement in every way possible.

THE organization of the campaign was left largely to the Department of Press and Publicity of the N. C. W. C. Together with other cognate material, the department prepared a pamphlet entitled "Catholics Do You Know?" which contained the boiled-down quintessential facts concerning the importance of the Catholic press and the call of the then reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV, and the Bishops of the United States to the laity to rally to the service of the Church under the banner of the Catholic press. Many thousands of copies of this pamphlet were distributed in every diocese by the editors of the various Catholic newspapers with the cooperation of the National Councils of Catholic Men and Women, the Knights of Columbus and other organizations of the laity. Special articles and editorials appeared in every Catholic newspaper and sermons, emphasizing the importance to every Catholic home of Catholic newspapers, magazines and books, were preached from practically every Catholic pulpit in the land. Special pains were taken to acquaint the Catholic people with a knowledge of the splendid facilities for serving the Catholic press which the Bishops had shortly before created in the agency of the N. C. W. C. Press Department,—a creation which had received the blessing

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of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, in a message received from Cardinal Gasparri, as follows:

"The Holy Father had learned with much pleasure of the establishment of the National Catholic Press Bureau. His Holiness most cordially extends the apostolic blessing to the service which you have inaugurated to improve the Catholic papers of the United States. The work of the American Catholic papers has been most praiseworthy. They have been an effective auxiliary to the pulpit in spreading the faith. The credit to which they are entitled is enhanced by the difficulties they have had to meet. Those who are conducting them will be pleased and heartened by your establishment for their benefit of an efficient press organization in Washington, which also will have representation in the leading capitals of Europe and South America. They are now to have the aid which they so long deserved. As the news standard of Catholic journals is raised, undoubtedly the support given them by the Catholic reading public will be increased. His Holiness invokes good-will and cooperation from all who will be parties to the worthy work you have undertaken, to the end that it may be fruitful of the good results you seek to achieve for Church and country."

In a special Christmas message transmitted to the N. C. W. C. Press Department at Christmas time of the same year, His Holiness Pope Benedict XV again expressed his interest in the Catholic press of the United States. His message read as follows:

"With the utmost satisfaction we take the opportunity of the approaching sweet Christmas to send our paternal greetings to the newspapers adherent to the National Catholic Welfare Council of the United States of America, and through them to the faithful, and to the whole American people.

"We heartily wish that the said newspapers, under the wise and paternal guide of the Episcopate, may develop ever more widely their action for the good of the people and the defense of the patrimony of doctrine and charity held by the Catholic Church for the benefit of Humanity.

"Well acquainted with the serious purposes of American Catholics and their devotion towards this Apostolic See, while we send to them our paternal benediction we express the wish that their activity in the fertile field of the press may bear ever more abundant fruits and, like the Evangelical mustard seed, grow into a strong and mighty tree which under the shadow of its branches will gather all the souls thirsting after truth, all the hearts beating for the good."

POPE Benedict was but reiterating the urgent appeal of his wise and saintly predecessor, Pius X, when he said "In vain will you build churches, give missions and found schools, if you are

not able to weld the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal, Catholic Press."

The results were most encouraging. Several newspapers that had organized subscription campaigns during the month reported increases in circulation running into thousands of new subscribers. As a result of the 1921 Press Month Campaign there was unquestionably created a wider interest in and a greater appreciation of the Catholic press and of Catholic magazines, books and literature. Most important of all, the increased circulation of the Catholic weeklies brought a consequent increase in influence and prestige.

The success accompanying the first Catholic Press Month encouraged the bishops to recommend a similar procedure for 1922 and again for 1923. In February of last year, Pope Pius XI sent a special blessing to all assisting in the work of Press Month. At that time, Cardinal Gasparri sent the following cablegram to Right Reverend Louis S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland, Maine, and successor to Bishop Russell as Episcopal Chairman of the N. C. W. C. Department of Press Publicity:

"Holy Father most gratified, congratulates the Hierarchy and editors all Catholic Press for devoting month to diffuse among people knowledge of life and spirit of St. Francis de Sales, recently declared Patron of the Press. His Holiness augurs a still greater success to the Press in its endeavors for faith and fatherland. He willingly accords a special blessing to the editors of each paper and apostolic benediction to all supporters of the Catholic Press in the United States."

Three other resolutions passed at the September, 1923, meeting of the Bishops suggest considerations which should receive some attention in this article. The first of these urges all Catholic periodicals to become paid subscribers to the N. C. W. C. Press Service. The second expresses approval of a plan for the publication of a first-class supplement to papers subscribing to the N. C. W. C. News Service, and the third for the publication, as soon as conditions permit, of a Catholic daily journal in New York City or Washington, D. C. The third resolution deplores the abuses of agents who have brought commercialism into the religious sphere through unethical practices in soliciting subscriptions for certain Catholic publications.

CLOSE followers of the Catholic press in the United States during the past four years have rejoiced at the improvement in the character and in the rapid approach which it has made as a whole toward the highest standards of sound, wide-awake journalism. This advance can be attributed in the main to the efficient service which the American Bishops have established through the agency of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is to the Catholic papers everything that the Associated Press or other recognized

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secular news agency is in the field of secular journalism. Taking as a nucleus the limited service supplied by the Catholic Press Association and profiting by the experience of this pioneer press association, the N. C. W. C. Press Department has today built up an international news service of unmistakably high qualifications. Starting on April 11, 1920, the N. C. W. C. News Service has grown steadily during its three and one-half years of existence. Each week it releases to the 80 Catholic papers subscribing to its service an eight-column news sheet with an overflow equivalent in amount furnished in the form of supplemental mimeographed copy; a monthly editorial and feature sheet consisting of editorials, book reviews, special articles, original poetry, etc., etc.; a weekly Washington letter; a weekly dramatic and motion picture critique; and a cable service, released to all subscribing papers, covering the most important developments in Europe and other countries outside the United States.

Not less than seventeen new Catholic papers have been established in the United States and in foreign countries by reason of the availability of the N. C. W. C. service and fifty-eight Catholic colleges subscribe to its service and use its news reports in the teaching of history and current events. Mr. Justin McGrath, Director of the Service, has surrounded himself at N. C. W. C. Headquarters in Washington, D. C., with a competent staff of editorial writers, news writers and special assistants. Domestic reporters have been selected to serve in the larger American cities and a remarkable corps of foreign correspondents appear on the N. C. W. C. staff. In Rome, the N. C. W. C. News Bureau is represented by Msgr. Enrico Pucci, whose work in connection with the maintenance of relations between the press and the Vatican is well-known. Dr. Frederick Funder, Editor of the *Reichpost*, is the Vienna correspondent. In France, M. Massiana, Secretary of *La Liberté*, is the N. C. W. C. correspondent. Other foreign staff men are: London correspondent, H. Christopher Watts, contributor to leading Catholic magazines and head of an English Catholic news service; Cologne correspondent, Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capataine; Dublin correspondent, J. H. Cox, Associate Editor of the *Irish Independent*; Brussels correspondent, Rev. J. Van der Heyden, historian and contributor to leading magazines; and Madrid correspondent, Rev. Manuel Grana, Editor of *El Debate*. To this group has been added recently a correspondent in the city of Mexico.

Those in touch with the trend of events in this country in the sphere of religious activities have commented upon the increasing growth and influence of the Catholic body without perhaps realizing how much credit is due to the National Catholic Welfare Conference and especially to its Press and Publicity Service for this growth on the part of American Catho-

lics in their sense of corporate obligation concerning the promotion of the welfare of the Church in the United States. There is no doubt but that the Catholic press of the country, aided as it has been during the past several years by the N. C. W. C. Press Service, has likewise attained to a more favorable and influential status. It is equally obvious that larger numbers of American Catholics are becoming more conscious of the force and influence of the Catholic press and are relying upon its columns for the correct viewpoint upon questions of the day in which the interests of the Church are concerned.

H NATION'S true welfare rests on fidelity to the truths taught by Jesus Christ. The dissemination of these truths among Catholics and non-Catholics alike is one of the chief functions of the Catholic press throughout the world. Commenting on the value of the Catholic press in the United States, the American Bishops in their Pastoral of 1919 devote an important section to this subject, which reads as follows:

"The functions of the Catholic Press are of special value to the Church in our country. To widen the interest of our people by acquainting them with the progress of religion throughout the world, to correct false or misleading statements regarding our belief and practice, and, as occasion offers, to present our doctrine in popular form—these are among the excellent aims of Catholic journalism. As a means of forming sound public opinion it is indispensable. The vital issues affecting the nation's welfare usually turn upon moral principles. Sooner or later, discussion brings forward the question of right or wrong. The treatment of such subjects from the Catholic point of view is helpful to all our people. It enables them to look at current events and problems in the light of the experience which the Church has gathered through centuries, and it points the surest way to a solution that will advance our common interests.

"The unselfish zeal displayed by Catholic journalists entitles them to a more active support than hitherto has been given. By its very nature the scope of their work is specialized; and, within the limitations thus imposed, they are doing what no other agency could accomplish or attempt, in behalf of our homes, societies and schools.

"In order to obtain the larger results and the wider appreciation which their efforts deserve and which we most earnestly desire, steps must be taken to coordinate the various lines of publicity and secure for each a higher degree of usefulness. Each will then offer to those who are properly trained, a better opportunity for service in this important field."

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Undoubtedly it was with similar thoughts in mind that the bishops last September called upon all Catholic periodicals to become affiliated as paid subscribers to the N. C. W. C. Press Service and all pastors to use in their parishes, schools and societies, the various periodicals issued by the N. C. W. C. Press Department.

It is evident, however, from the resolution passed by the Bishops last September that they are looking forward to a time when Catholics living in the larger centers of population in this country may have the advantages of Catholic daily journals. An example of what Catholic journalism has been able to accomplish in this field under most adverse circumstances is furnished in the case of the one existing Catholic daily published in the English language in this country—the *Daily American Tribune* of Dubuque, Iowa. It is to be hoped that the pioneer work of this splendid publication will blaze the trail for several daily papers to be launched as soon as conditions are favorable in New York City, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and other American cities. The plan and project to improve the existing Catholic weekly through the addition of a first-class supplement, to be issued each week by the N. C. W. C. Press Department to all weekly subscribers to its service, if and when the managers of twenty-five of the Catholic weeklies agree to subscribe so as to assure at least the cost of such a project, is another indication that the Bishops feel that here is room for improvement in our Catholic weeklies as they exist today. The supplement which the N. C. W. C. Press Department has in mind would take the general form of the weekly supplement published by the *New York Evening Post* or the *New York Sunday Times* and would carry each week a number of special departments which now, due to obvious reasons, cannot be handled by the average weekly publications.

IN the resolution passed by the Bishops condemning the abuses of agents who have brought commercialism into the religious sphere, it is evident that they have in mind the welfare of the many high-class magazines and periodicals the success of which has been jeopardized by a few Catholic publishers who have resorted to the agency plan in building up their subscription lists. Such abuses as excessive commissions, promises of indulgences, and blessings on sacred objects given or promised were condemned by the Bishops, who stated that while it was not their wish to restrict legitimate private initiative or public enterprise, such commercialism as named above must be discouraged. All pastors and priests were urged not to tolerate such agents and all the faithful were instructed by the Bishops never to subscribe to such projects or periodicals unless a clear announcement be made in the church authorizing such agents.

An idea of the extent of Catholic journalism in the United States may be gained from a perusal of the *Catholic Press Directory* for 1923, in which are listed 251 Catholic papers and periodicals published in the United States with a combined circulation of 6,379,677. This list does not include parish monthlies or local fraternal papers issued by various societies or organizations. A number of other papers have also been omitted from the list because they fall under the classification of political papers or racial organs rather than purely Catholic publications.

The term "Catholic Press" does not mean, however, merely the Catholic periodicals—weekly and monthly publications; it includes Catholic books as well and one of the thoughts which should receive emphasis on the approaching Catholic Press Sunday should refer to the desirability of our Catholic people reading, and if possible owning, more Catholic books. The contest, which has been running for some weeks in one of our leading Catholic weeklies for the selection of the ten most popular Catholic books published in the English language, will undoubtedly serve to stimulate interest on the part of our Catholic people in the best that our Catholic literature has to offer. The "Buy a Catholic Book a Week" slogan which some of our leading Catholic educators are attempting to popularize should be further advertised on "Catholic Press Sunday."

IT is a relief to turn today from the so-called great American newspapers, reeking with scandal, crime and paganistic views of life, to the clean columns of our Catholic newspapers and magazines, reflecting as they do the spirit of truth and promoting and defending, as St. Francis himself did in his day, in moderation and charity, the principles and ideals of our holy Faith. No one will deny that the Catholic press is today a potent force in the making of public opinion in this country. Considering the soundness of its social thinking and the high standards of its journalistic ethics, its power is far from what it should be. Catholics should strive to increase its usefulness and widen its field of influence. The rapidity of its progress and the extent of its prestige are contingent upon the support which the Catholic clergy and laity of the country accord it. If that support is united, zealous, unselfish and nation-wide, there are no limits to the good that may be accomplished both for Church and country through the fullest appreciation and usage of the fruits of American Catholic journalism. One of the principal considerations of National Press Sunday this year will be the pointing out to all elements of our Catholic population how they may cooperate to further the influence and extend the usefulness of every form of the printed word that falls under the general classification of "The Catholic Press."

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of St. Paul of the Cross

By Gabriel Francis Powers

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CHAPTER XI THE FIRST FOUNDATIONS

FROM time to time Father Paul was requested to give the spiritual exercises to religious communities, and he did this between mission and mission, or sometimes at the end of the public mission for seculars. As he advanced in life, he could not recollect himself how many retreats he had given to religious women; and the fact is scarcely to be wondered at, as in our own day, Father William Doyle, S. J. could count that he had given one hundred and fifty in seven years. One of the earliest monasteries thus served by the holy missionary of Argentaro was that of the Capuchin Nuns of Piombino; these recluses were so edified and excited to fervor, that five of their number gave themselves to lives of absolute detachment and continuous prayer, within the Rule which they had always observed, and died, each one of them eventually, in the odor of sanctity.

While he was at Farnese, Cardinal Rezzonico wrote, asking him to visit the cloistered Sisters there, and giving him permission to enter the enclosure. He had been petitioned to do this, because the locality was solitary and densely wooded, and serpents had so multiplied (as they have recently in the forest of Fontainebleau), that they invaded monastery and grounds and became not only a terror but a genuine peril to the nuns. The Saint entered the buildings and went through them blessing every part of them in the sacred words of the liturgy. At the entrance to the

enclosure he planted a cross, commanding the reptiles with great power never to come within that hallowed boundary again. No snake was ever seen more in the monastery of Farnese, and the Sisters were so impressed with the astounding miracle that Father Paul became their friend and oracle for many years to come.

Father Paul had a deep esteem for the Monastery entitled "del Divin Amore" at Montefiascone, and quoted it as an example for the holiness of its inmates, its perfect common life, and its total absence of parlors." Later in life he frequently preached to the saintly Poor Clares of strict enclosure, in their frescoed convent of the Quirinal, an ancient, venerable sanctuary now destroyed; but among his earlier friends were the Benedictines of S. Lucia of Corneto, another historic institution. Here he first met the daughter of one of his benefactors in the city, Antonio Costantini, and the young religious who had but recently made her vows, Donna Maria Crocifissa, availed herself of the occasion of the spiritual exercises to place herself under the direction of the Saint, feeling drawn by great confidence in his holiness, and inspired to entrust herself wholly to him. This was the woman of extraordinary virtue whom S. Paul, thirty-three years later, placed at the head of his first foundation for women, the Passionist Sisters of Corneto.

Her brothers built the convent, but many long years of devoted friendship preceded these later de-



VIEW OF MONTEFIASCONA WHERE ST. PAUL PREACHED MANY MISSIONS AND RETREATS

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velopments, and the house of the Costantini at Corneto was S. Paul's harbor and shelter in the innumerable journeys which he was compelled to make between Argentaro and Rome. The three sons, one of them a priest, loved and revered Father Paul, beyond the power of words to express, and he taught them all, with amenity and true affection for them, ways of the spirit which men of the world rarely tread. Between Don Nicola, the priest, and Domenico who clung to S. Paul to the last day of his life, was the young Arcangelo, a youth of angelic purity of heart and mind, and of unusual piety. While Father Paul, on one occasion, was giving the exercises to the Benedictine Nuns, Arcangelo begged him to let him make a private retreat under his guidance, the saint lodging in the house at the time. The lad did not know it, but he was making his preparation for death. One night, as he sat late over one of his spiritual books, by candle-light, he heard a noise at the street door and put his head out of the window to see who was trying to get in at that hour. Thieves were busy with the lock, and seeing that they were discovered, sent a shot to silence the witness. Arcangelo fell dead, and Domenico, awakened by his brother's opening the window, stumbled upon the body.

One of the Saint's great public missions was given at Piombino on the coast above Orbetello in the autumn of 1741. Father Paul fell ill during the mission and he was in a high fever when he pronounced the final blessing. It was perhaps on this occasion that his friend Dr. Gherardini, a physician of the town, went to the pier with him to see him off, and saw the boat set sail with a good wind, directed toward Argentaro. On his return to the city, Gherardini went to call at the house of a friend, and to his amazement saw Father Paul leaving the apartment of the gentleman in question. He could not believe his senses. "Father Paul!" he cried, "it is not you? . . . But did I not just see you embark and sail from the pier?" . . . "Hush," the sweet voice answered him, "do not say anything. I am here on an errand of charity." And Gherardini was never able to say where the mysterious

presence went or how, but he saw him disappear. This Gherardini is the same who, in 1739, had given a letter to the Saint that his relatives at Perugia might entertain him when he was on his way to Loretto. That time, too, Father Paul had vanished, the door being locked.

The boat bearing him brought a gravely sick man to the foot of Argentaro. Painfully, the returning missionary ascend the steep paths to the Retreat, but the fever nailed him to his straw pallet, and he grew so much worse that Father John Baptist was persuaded to bring him down to Orbetello that he might have in the home of the Grazi, always so generously open to the beloved Father, the care and succor that it was impossible to procure for him on the mountain. For over two months, the fever raged, and the sufferer came so weak and extenuated that John Baptist, wait-

ing on him, could not restrain his tears, realizing that he must soon lose him. Not until mid-January was he able to return to the Presentation, but gradually his strength increased and in the early spring he prepared to go out on missions again, this time called to a district nearer Rome, to evangelize a whole circuit of towns; first in the important mis-



CATHEDRAL OF VITERBO. HERE WERE PREACHED SOME OF ST. PAUL'S GREATEST SERMONS

sion of Vetralla, a very memorable one, and then the smaller centres of Oriolo Romano, Barbarano and Bieda.

The record of many witnesses remains for those tremendous April days at Vetralla. The church was densely crowded, and Father Paul seemed to have been gathering up and storing energy, all through the long months of his illnesses, so forceful and overwhelming was his eloquence. The whole district was shaken, and staggering conversions, of sinners deemed lost and hopeless, took place. Don Giuseppe Cima, a priest who was present, described the appearance of the Saint. "He came upon the platform in an aspect of deep penance and humility, a crown of thorns pressed upon his head, and blood trickling down from the same. As he spoke of hell he was so penetrated by the fear and the horror of it, that his face blanched and he trembled from head to foot."

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The people at Vetralla had become so much attached to the Servant of God, that they suggested to him and to the civic authorities, that at three miles from the town, an ancient abandoned building, once a grange of the Benedictines, and the little church of S. Michael the Archangel belonging to it, might well be made over to Father Paul for himself and some of his religious. Father Paul went to see the place, and was pleased with it; the antique building, rude and tumbling to pieces, had yet preserved a religious aspect; in the church sanctuary was a fine, primitive painting of the Crucifixion, devout and archaic; near at hand were the woods, and the high hill air, and abundance of pure water, made him feel that the spot was eminently desirable. He therefore accepted it forthwith, intending to make the foundation as soon as he conveniently could. But a community of Mendicants who already had a convent at some distance off, on the same hill of Fogliano, lodged a complaint with the Congregation called of Good Government in Rome, alleging that canon law forbade the establishment of a second house dependent upon the alms of the faithful for support, within two miles of a previously existing one.

The Congregation allowed the legality of the claim, and Father Paul was forbidden to take possession of S. Angelo until such time as the mendicant community saw fit to give him leave. The latter doggedly held to their prior right, and for two years Paul of the Cross was kept out of the poor grange. But the Bishop and civic council, who were extremely anxious to have these great missionaries and most holy religious in their midst, insisted upon carrying their side of the quarrel to Rome. They were free to bestow the grange which was now their property upon whom they would, and the Bishop desired to have the Passionists in his diocese. While the fight went on Father Paul was called to Rome to give information. A personal encounter with one of his antagonists

grieved him to the heart. This person chanced to meet Father Paul one day upon a lonely road, and brutally insulted him. Paul of the Cross did not answer. The monk, seeing that his words fell vacant, proceeded to blows, and having vented his fury with brutality, threw the Saint down and trampled upon his body.

But these days that Father Paul was obliged to spend in the Eternal City were not all sorrowful. One day that he always remembered with jubilation, he met Don Tommaso Struzzi. The Saint had often heard of this distinguished ecclesiastic. Don Tommaso, too, had heard of Paul Daneo, but he confesses that, for some unknown reason, he had avoided him rather than sought him.

One morning during this stay of the Saint in Rome he was kneeling in prayer in the church of the Capuchin Nuns, when a tall, courtly figure passed by him on its way to the sacristy. Father Paul, as if drawn by some irresistible inspiration rose and followed him. Face to face in the sacristy, one said: "Is this Don Tommaso Struzzi?" and the other: "Is this Father Paul of the Cross?" And, as the two affirmatives crossed one another, and the eyes so worthy to look one into the other, trustfully and affectionately met, the two men threw their arms, one around the other not like strangers, but like friends long parted. This spontaneous love and confidence



MONSIGNOR THOMAS STRUZZIERI, C. P.
FIRST PASSIONIST BISHOP

was so great, that Father Paul began immediately to pray that Don Tommaso might be called to his institute, though in the humility of his heart he thought Struzzi too accomplished a person for his company.

It is recorded that on one occasion when they were to go to the Scala Santa together, Father Paul came to call for Struzzi. On their way, they chanced to pass by the steep ascent of the Clivus Scauri, under the shady arches that emerge upon the little piazza of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where the brown medieval tower offers its disc ornaments of porphyry and malachite to the sun. A strange expression came over the face

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of Father Paul: he paused, and "What church and building is this?" he enquired. Don Thomas replied: "The basilica of the Roman martyrs SS. John and Paul; and the house is that of the Fathers of the Missions who serve the church." Paul of the Cross uttered a cry. "O my God! . . . my house, my house where I am to come and stay" . . . It was a true voice of prophecy. He is there still, in the chapel of priceless marbles which bears his name, and where the silver lamps burn night and day before his body, laid at rest and faintly smiling in the reflection of the bliss which possessed him when his eyes beheld the living God. Struzziere wondered exceedingly what that obscure word meant; he even questioned friends of the missionary; but none could tell him.

The knot regarding the foundation of Vetralla was finally brought to the notice of the Sovereign Pontiff; he remembered Father Paul very well, and his own approbation given to the Institute of the Passion two years ago, and he was quite certain that the poor penitents of Argentaro would in no way interfere with the mendicant community of Monte Fogliano. Benedict XIV decided to cut the Gordian knot by his own authority, sending to Vetralla orders for the opening of the Retreat of the Passionists at S. Michele Arcangelo, no other consent being required beyond his express will. This was on December 23, 1743. Father Paul was instructed to come to Rome once more. When he arrived, he found that, by favor of the Sovereign Pontiff, Vetralla was assured without further question, but, what was still more wonderful, he had acquired new, powerful friends in the persons of the two brother Cardinals Albani, and the Prince, their nephew, and a second foundation, of which he had never dreamed, was proposed to him at Soriano. As a matter of fact, the offer was not only made, but the approbation of the Holy See and all necessary documents had already been obtained, and Father Paul, after so much conflict and opposi-

tion, found himself not only with one new Retreat, but two simultaneously upon his hands.

When Father Paul was leaving Rome to go back to Argentaro, Don Tommaso Struzziere accompanied his beloved friend part of the way, namely out by the Porta del Popolo and along the historic Via Flaminia, past the crypt of S. Valentine lying forgotten at that time beneath the Monti Parioli, and by Saxa Rubra to the immortal bridge where imperial Constantine defeated Maxentius and made Rome Christian by the Sign of the Cross. There, at the Pons Milvius, they were to part; and Paul, stirred by the human emotion of sorrow and affection, said to Struzziere with desire,

that if he ever felt moved to join the little Congregation of the Passion he would be only too happy to have him with him; to which Don Tommaso answered that he would pray to know the Will of God. And Father Paul knelt down to kiss the hand of the priest and to ask his blessing, Struzziere instantly doing the same to him, so that kneeling they blessed and embraced one another, Father Paul setting his face to the bleak wind of the north, sad at the parting but praising God for all His mercies, and Struzziere turned back to Rome, still more sad, for he was hesitating and he had just bidden farewell to his best friend.

Immediately after the taking possession of Vetralla, where S. Paul left four religious in charge of Father John Baptist, he proceeded to Soriano which lies only fifteen or eighteen miles to the northeast of Vetralla, in a lovely situation of sloping green countryside, and the holy shrine of the martyr was taken over by the Passionists. Here S. Paul left three religious in charge of one of the early noted members of the Institute, Father Marcarelio Pastorelli, who had entered it only the previous year. This saintly man had been for twenty-four years already a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Doctrine, and he was a learned theologian and ascetic writer, but a soul so



ANCIENT TOWER OF THE BASILICA OF SAINTS
JOHN AND PAUL

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hidden that it was long before the founder himself discovered his talents.

Don Thomas Struzziери still hesitated, discouraged by his friends, who reminded him that he was forty years of age, in the full tide of his career, and that Mount Argentaro was a Thebaid. Struzziери realized on the other hand that it was his deep, although spiritual affection for Paul of the Cross, which allured him to his institute, and again he hesitated. Father Paul was begging for prayers, and praying fervently himself that this "great workman" might be called to the Congregation; but he began to doubt that Struzziери would ever come. It was a trifling word of the founder which won the hard-fought battle at last. Father Paul confided artlessly to one of his friends in Rome that he had had great hopes of seeing Don Thomas enter the Congregation, but that the hope was almost gone; and he had come to the conclusion that the Divine Majesty would only have in that Congregation, men of indifferent talents and abilities. Don Thomas was too brilliant and too scholarly for so lowly a company. What Father Paul had said with that intimate candor and humility which characterized his words and gave a winning sweetness to them, was repeated to Struzziери and struck him as it were in the chest: "Did he say I was too good for the Congregation? . . . Then I will enter it at once!" Father Paul thought it worth while to come to Rome to help Don Thomas with the difficulties of his departure, and they set forth at length together on foot for Argentaro, some ninety miles or more in the bitterest winter weather. Father Paul paid for his conquest and for the immense joy of bringing Don Thomas with him. The cold had so penetrated him and stiffened him, that his limbs were crippled, and agonizing pains tortured his whole body. The brothers endeavored to administer what simple remedies were available, but the rigid air of the mountain, and the severity of the season caused the patient to grow worse day by day. He was obliged to go down to Orbetello once more, to the house of the Grazi, within reach of medical at-

tendance, Father Fulgentius accompanying him, and for forty days and forty nights, in intolerable anguish, he never closed his eyes in sleep. It was during this terrible illness that he was heard to pray aloud in torment: "Mother of God, most dear Mother, I beseech you, just one hour of sleep". . . but this Lady would not hear him. Then: "Most dear Mother, most Blessed Virgin, I implore you, that I may rest half an hour". . . and, as she would not grant him even that, in the extremity of torture, and blank, wide-eyed vigil, he cried anew: "Mother, Mother of pity, let me but sleep fifteen minutes!" . . . But only after forty days of agony did he obtain the grace of slumber. And the spirit of evil enraged no doubt at the compassion of the Queen who granted that long desired boon, at once awakened the sleeper, flinging him against the wall which his head struck with cruel violence. The infirmarian was startled at the blow and rose to see what had happened. The Saint gently complained of the hurt he had received: "I tell you it takes some wickedness to wake a poor man who has not closed his eyes in forty days and forty nights, just when he falls asleep for the first time!" And to his confessor who came to him in the morning he said: "The operations of the devil do not do one much harm—but neither do they do one good."

And Struzziери at Argentaro thought he had entered heaven. ". . . A profound silence reigned there; the very walls seemed to breathe holiness; the religious appeared to me like angels, so clearly did the sanctity of their souls shine forth upon their faces Every night in sleep it seemed to me that I was conversing with Father Paul upon spiritual subjects, and when I rose for Matins, I found myself, owing to these discourses, full of fervor and with my spirit steeped in balm." Father Paul was lying awake at the time, in torment at Orbetello. When he returned to Argentaro two months later, he found Struzziери ripe for profession.

(To be continued)



THE MILVEAN BRIDGE WHERE ST. PAUL AND DON THOMAS STRUZZIERI PARTED

Straight Talks on Marriage

By ANSELM SECOR, C. P.

No. 6. CHURCH OR COURTHOUSE

ED and Myrtle after having kept company for several months, decided to get married. Having had very little of religion in their lives, their thoughts naturally turned to a justice of the peace as their officiating minister. They accordingly proceeded to the county courthouse in a nearby town to obtain the license and have the ceremony performed.

The Courthouse was a squat, red brick building, with once-white pillars at the entrance, and a dome which stuck up like a half orange over the top. In the square surrounding the building were numerous benches, each inscribed with the legend: "Buy your Clocks at Mock's." Prominently displayed on the lawn was a captured German gun, obtained for the city by its illustrious townsman, Senator Muff.

Ted and Myrtle, having obtained the license, proceeded to look for some one to tie the knot for them. A stout, red-faced man, recognizing, from long experience, the self-conscious look of the would-be bride and groom, hailed them with reassuring cordiality, and piloted them through a maze of corridors to a little office, tucked away in a corner of the building. Seated in solitary state on a raised platform, feet cocked up on the desk, was a justice of the peace. On hearing them enter he put down the magazine he had been reading, a ten cent thriller, full of violence and sudden death,—and looked up inquiringly.

"Some one to get hitched, judge," announced the stout person.

"That so? Get Ed, will you, Billy?"

Billy soon reappeared, bringing with him the necessary Ed. A shirt-sleeved clerk went by, whistling a popular tune; another, pipe in mouth and carrying a huge volume, looked in for a moment, grinned and then went on.

The justice tried his best to be dignified. He went through the ceremony with much nodding of the head and emphasizing of the words. When he was finished he cleared his throat several times in an important manner, and said twice, "God bless you." Then he shook hands with the newly married couple and looked expectant. Just then the proceedings were disturbed by loud and prolonged lamentations from the corridor outside. An irate wife, having halted her carousing better-half before the magistrate,

venting her remorseful grief because the result of her action was that he received the traditional thirty days in lockup.

After feeling the judge, the newly married couple proceeded on their way. In the taxicab, during their journey to the railway station, Ted rallied his bride on her serious look.

"Why so solemn-looking, Myrtle? One would think that this was a funeral ride instead of a honeymoon trip. You aren't sorry, you?"

"No, indeed,—not sorry; but I can't help feeling that our wedding was awfully well, unimpressive!"

So it was, poor girl, so it was. But, then, courthouse marriages can hardly

be impressive. They are not intended to be.

A CATHOLIC wedding, a real Catholic wedding is different,—very much so. The Church, particular mother that she is, insists that her children be united in wedlock with religious ceremony. And even before the wedding takes place, she ordinarily requires that notice of the forthcoming event be proclaimed in the parish church of both prospective bride and groom. The reason for the proclamation of the banns is twofold: one is to discourage hasty, ill-considered marriages; the other is to reveal possible impediments before it is too late. Some of our Catholic young people look upon this public announcement as an ordeal, embarrassing to go through, and to be

When the average young girl thinks about her marriage ceremony, this is an impressionistic picture of her dreams. Half a dozen bridesmaids, registering envy; several insignificant males in frock coats, wearing carnations; a crowded church; red carpet down the front entrance; gaping crowds, held back by several burly policemen; newspaper photographers, seeking snapshots for the rotogravure section; wedding march from Lohengrin; long trains; flowers; gifts.

Too little thought is given to the responsibility of the step, and the deep spiritual meaning of it all.

The worldly pomp and circumstance may be omitted without harm, but the grace and the blessing of God should be humbly and eagerly sought after.

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avoided if possible. Why should it be regarded in such a light? It is hard to understand.

Instead of shrinking from the publication of the banns as an unpleasant ordeal, they should rather glory in the fact that they are about to marry the partner of their choice, and to contract matrimony in an honorable, sacramental way.

As a matter of fact, public sentiment is veering around towards the Church's ideas on this subject as a means of preventing fly-by-night marriages, and the time may yet come when some kind of preliminary announcement will be part of the legal conditions, even for civic unions.

Circumstances may, of course, arise which justify one in asking for a dispensation from the ruling of the Church in this matter; but *ordinarily* our Catholic people should submit willingly to her wishes regarding the publication of the banns.

The Church requires that Catholics be married with religious ceremony. This law is a reflection of her attitude towards wedlock, and of her desire that those committed to her care share with her the same holy and inspiring sentiments. She regards marriage as more than a merely secular transaction. It is sacred and religious in its character. What is by nature holy should not be regarded as merely a civic affair, with no more of sanctity about it than the signing of a deed or the writing of a check; it should be invested with a dignity which is the outward symbol of that true inward consecration that should accompany so momentous an event.

Undoubtedly, part of the frivolous attitude of many people today towards marriage is due to the hasty, unimpressive way in which these marriages were performed. Being human, we are greatly influenced by the material setting that accompanies any function; for, along with the function there is a secret suggestion of the mind which, even unconsciously, influences our impressions. The church ceremony radiates stability, sacredness, fidelity, responsibility. The purely civil function conveys the impression of a transaction which has merely human responsibilities and consequences. When troubles and discords come, as they almost inevitably will, which ceremony will have the weightier influence to hold husband and wife to their duty,—the marriage which takes place in church, at Mass, with Holy Communion, or the hastily performed legal ceremony, with nothing more impressive to give it authority than the presence of the officer of the law?

THE Church has also another motive in mind in insisting that Catholic weddings take place with religious rite. Marriage, being a lifelong contract, fraught with many unforeseen and possibly trying consequences, it should have upon it the special benediction of God. This fact accounts for the beautiful

prayers of the liturgy, begging God to bless, in a particular manner, those two lives which are to go down the pathway of the years linked as one, sharing alike the joys and sorrows that meet them along the way.

Two Catholic young people decide to be married. Together they consult the pastor of the young woman, who, after inquiry regarding possible impediments, arrange with them for the date of the ceremony. Announcement is then made in the parish church of both parties on three consecutive Sundays. On the day appointed, they both come to the church, accompanied by their witnesses. After the celebrant goes up to the altar, the bridal party leave their places in the church and enter the sanctuary. Then follows the essential part of the marriage ceremony,—that in which is publicly and formally expressed the will of both the contracting parties regarding their wish to take each other as man and wife. The officiating priest inquires regarding the intention of each in this matter and receives from each the answer: "I do."

Then follows the time-honored pledge which, although not essential, is still a solemn and impressive adjunct to the ceremony. The newly wedded pair join hands and repeat, after the priest, the following:

"I, N. N., take thee, N. N., for my lawful wife, (husband) to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

The bridegroom and bride then kneel and the celebrant says: *I join you together in marriage, in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*

After this follows the blessing of the ring. We give here the prayer said by the priest:

Bless, O Lord, this ring which we bless in Thy name, that she who is to wear it, keeping true faith unto her husband, may abide in Thy peace and in obedience to Thy will, and may ever live in mutual love. Through Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

Then the priest sprinkles the ring with holy water in the form of the cross; and the bridegroom, having received the ring from the hand of the priest, puts it on the third finger of the left hand of the bride, saying:

With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth.

After this follow several prayers for the welfare and happiness of the newly wedded couple. Then the bridal party return to their places and the celebrant begins the Mass.

It is the earnest wish of the Church that, whenever possible, Catholic marriage be celebrated at Mass. What more impressive accompaniment to this solemn step than the Holy Sacrifice, offered with special relation to the young couple who have just joined hands in a lifelong pledge of love and fidelity. The Nuptial Mass is particularly beautiful, containing as it does

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a wealth of allusions from both the Old and the New Testaments along with exquisite prayers and helpful exhortations.

The Epistle, taken from the Ephesians, conveys a practical instruction on the mutual rights and duties of husband and wife. The Gospel sets before us Our Lord's elevation of marriage and His declaration regarding its unity and indissolubility.

After the Pater Noster, the newly wedded pair kneel again at the foot of the altar while the celebrant reads over them the following prayer:

O God, Who by Thy mighty power hast made all things out of nothing; Who, in the beginning, having set up the world, didst bestow on man whom Thou hadst created in Thine own likeness the inseparable help of woman, fashioning her body from his very flesh, and thereby teaching us that it is never lawful to put asunder what it has pleased Thee to make of one substance; O God Who hast consecrated wedlock by a surpassing mystery, since in the marriage bond Thou didst foreshadow the union of Christ with the Church; look down in mercy upon this, Thy handmaid, who, being about to enter upon wedded life, seeks to be strengthened by Thy protection. May the yoke she has to bear be one of love and peace; . . . may she be pleasing to her husband like Rachel; prudent like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful like Sara; may the author of sin have no share in any of her actions; may her life be pure and blameless, and may she attain to the rest of the blessed in the kingdom of Heaven. May they both see their children's children even to the third and the fourth generation, and ar-

rive at a happy old age; through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

At the communion time, the bridal couple again ascend to the altar, there to receive, in an individual manner, the Body and Blood of Him who is to be their guide, their strengthener, their friend, on the journey of life.

After the "Ite missa est," the priest again turns to the bridegroom and the bride, and blesses them in particular, saying:

May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob be with you, and may He fulfill His blessing in you; that you may see your children's children even to the third and fourth generation, and may afterwards have life everlasting, by the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, God, world without end. Amen.

He then sprinkles them with holy water and admonishes both on the responsibilities of the state of life into which they have just entered.

Once the marriage ceremony is understood, its beauty and significance are so apparent that our Catholic people, far from shrinking from it, should be anxious to take advantage of the wealth of sacramental blessings which the Church offers them. It is of extreme importance to begin well; and what better beginning of the state of wedlock than the solemn church ceremony, so impressive and so filled with blessings.

Hermit and Explorer*

By CUTHBERT O'GARA, C. P.

THE distinguished author and member of the French Academy in this his latest book has not added to his literary laurels. They who purchase *Charles de Foucauld—Hermit and Explorer*, because it is from the pen of Rene Bazin, and who seek, even in translation, for evidences of graceful style and wizardry of words, will be disappointed. But if the reader is looking for a biography of extraordinary interest—as absorbing as any of the author's works of fiction—and is desirous of making the acquaintance of one of the most picturesque personalities of the half-century which closed with the World War, and to touch on high romance in its purest form, let him devour the pages of this book.

Confronted with a career so plentiful in historic

detail, so replete with dramatic changes of scenes, so rich in authentic documents, so admirably adapted to point a multiple lesson—the author did not yield to the temptation of painting the rose or gilding the sunbeam; but displayed sound literary sense in concentrating upon narrating a logical, consecutive, life-story of a character whom he himself thoroughly admired. M. Bazin was aided in his task by the many extant letters which he was able to collect of Charles de Foucauld and also by the minute diary kept by the latter running over many years and which happily survived its compiler. These valuable records the biographer has sifted with fine judgment and has interwoven into his narrative the most apposite details. In many places it was possible to let the hero tell his own gripping story.

A twofold purpose would seem to have prompted the author to write this biography. First, an ardent,

*Charles De Foucauld—Hermit and Explorer by Rene Bazin. Translated by Peter Keelan. Benziger Brothers, New York.

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apostolic impulse to arouse French Catholics to a renewal of fervor in the cause of Christ and His Church by the example of this noble son of the Church—Charles de Foucauld; secondly, an intense desire indirectly to assail the pernicious policies of the atheistic government of France. This fanatical body, in its rabid intolerance of the Catholic Church, formulates policies inimical to the best interests—temporal and spiritual—of that fair land whose welfare it pretends to promote: interests which lie so close to the heart of Rene Bazin. For this member of the French Academy would have all the world know that he is at one and the same time, academician and plain-man, novelist and man of affairs, Catholic and Frenchman, sworn to the defence of his lady—Catholic France—eldest daughter of the Church. It is many years since he began to proclaim to a somewhat incredulous world that Catholicity in France was vigorously reviving, and all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, that the government at Paris did not represent the true spirit of the nation, but that this spirit would in due time reassert itself to the glory of France and its ancient faith.

The life of Charles de Foucauld—a scion of one of France's most ancient families—whose youthful defection from the religion of his ancestors is characteristic of so many other French youths educated in irreligious, governmental schools—put into the hand of M. Bazin magnificent material for presenting his long-held conviction in a new and compelling way. Was it not the persuasive influence of French Catholic domestic life that won the practical atheist, Charles de Foucauld, back to the bosom of the Church? Every page of this present book seems to cry out the challenge of its author—a religion which can effect such a marvel as the spiritual regeneration of this erstwhile free-thinker and dissipated cavalry-man, which can inspire one whose name an admiring world has already inscribed upon its roster of fame to discard his honored name and disguise himself within the cloister, which can transform the dashing army officer into a lowly monk, which can set on fire a heart frozen by the cold cynicism of a conceited military caste with a flame of divine charity such as consumed the greatest saints, which can allure this nicely nurtured aristocrat into the remotest regions of central Africa there to spread the good odor of Jesus Christ among pagan tribes, which can induce a linguist of rare ability to devote his extraordinary gifts of nature to the mastery of uncouth tongues that the propagation of the Gospel may be served thereby, such a religion cannot be a decrepit relic of an age that is gone, but is a living functioning reality destined to survive its oppressors and to regenerate the nation of France.

Whilst the Chamber of Deputies was severing all connections with the Holy See, and expelling religious orders from the realm, Charles de Foucauld, French

officer and famous explorer, was penetrating beyond the furthest frontier of French dominion, and there, by a life matching that of the hermits of the Thebaid, was drawing souls within the influence of Christian teaching and thus blazing the trail for the future missionary and the advent of the French colonist. Such a one, for M. Bazin, embodies every-thing that is best in the tradition of his nation, and is in direct lineal descent from that great and saintly Christian king, Louis IX.

ALTHOUGH this life was primarily addressed to French readers, its interest is far broader than any racial confine and well deserves translation into many languages. Charles de Foucauld, before his conversion, had attained to eminence as an explorer. His book, *Reconnaissance au Maroc*, enthusiastically acclaimed when first published, is still a classic in its specific department of knowledge. After his submission to the Church, he continued to render singular service to science, albeit undesignedly, by the stupendous efforts put forth in compiling dictionaries of savage tongues. By translating the Sacred Scriptures into the Tuareg language the work of future evangelists was simplified and the cause of Christ advanced. His sympathetic understanding of the Mussulman character shows itself in his many letters which are a blending of rapturous spirituality with keenest common sense. The practical advice given in these remarkable documents is still a guide to clerical and civil authorities. It is, however, as Brother Charles of Jesus, hermit and explorer, priest and abject, saint and man of the world, the universally beloved for whom the rule of La Trappe fell short in austerity, that the subject of this book makes his widest appeal and will live longest in the memory of Catholics.

No one can read the story of this chosen soul without carrying away from its pathetic pages deep and haunting impressions, nor without taking inspiration to do something for Jesus Christ. Ample as is M. Bazin's work, the reader will thirst for more. Taking the career of Charles de Foucauld as a whole, perhaps the lesson it most strongly inculcates is that the life lived by our Divine Redeemer in the days of His flesh, may be lived today, if one have but the courage and the faith to take the Master at His word. The method employed by the Savior is not out-worn; solitude, prayer, and the persevering gospel of good example are as efficacious today as in apostolic times. Such was the abiding, propulsive conviction of Charles de Foucauld, a conviction which nothing could shake.

He planned his ministry upon the ministry of Christ, present failure was only a proof to him that his copy was exact; for was not the life of Jesus a failure in the eyes of men? The fruits already reaped of the labors of this courageous imitator of the Master since his death in 1916, are eloquent vindication of this

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life of self-effacement and of rigorous adhesion to the evangelical counsels. Ability to move mountains was the Master's pledge to such as have "faith as a grain of mustard seed," a promise that our hermit-missionary took at its face value. What saint ever wrote with greater confidence than is shown in these lines penned from an African oasis. "I turn to the example of our brethren the Apostles. . . . We are in such infidel countries as St. Peter and St. Paul were in. . . . If we wish to do their work, let us follow their example. . . . Every time I pray to Jesus, the same answer seems to come back: 'Do miracles for Me, and I will do them for thee'."

IF humility is the measure of spiritual power, then the secret of this man's prodigious strength with God is soon discovered. His book of intimate notes has this definition of its author, "a sinner, an unworthy, poor, ignorant fellow, yet a soul of good-will, desiring all that God desires, and that alone." God demanded much of this favored disciple: nothing short of complete generosity. Whole-souled was the response. Wealthy in his own name; possessed of opulent friends, he stripped himself of every material support, so that he could write from his Saharan hermitage, "My only capital on leaving France was what it still is, the word of Jesus."

From the day of his conversion, Charles de Foucauld took literally the counsel of the Master, "I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so do you also." To the utmost of his ability he would re-enact Christ's life as told in the Gospel. The deeper he penetrated into the meaning of the inspired words, "The servant is not greater than his lord; neither is the apostle greater than he that sent him," the more was he fired by this holy ambition. To the natural man huge and disproportionate is the element of hiddenness in the Saviour's sojourn on earth. Seclusion and publicity, in a ratio of ten to one, is both unreasonable and unprofitable, argues the world. The man of God weighs values in scales divinely adjusted and with eye illumined by faith discerns the perfect harmony in the life of Jesus. With a clarity rarely surpassed in the annals of the saints did our remarkable convert see this truth. For him to see was to do. Henceforth his days would be spent in silence and meditation; his apostolate would be the mission of eloquent silence.

The first halting place along the road marked out for him by divine Providence was in a Trappist monastery. Seven years in all he spent in this penitential order, the while being known as Brother Marie-Alberic. At the convent of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges were passed the first six months of his noviceship. Here he won the admiration of all, both young and old, by his unfeigned simplicity, his uneffected piety, his courageous perseverance in the austerities demanded by the rule, his unfailing condescension and charity. One old monk, a laborer in the fields, testi-

fied to the author as to the life of Brother Marie-Alberic at this time as follows: "Sir, I talked to him a great deal. I should to a peasant. I saw him every day: he never refused to do anything for anyone: he was as good as a second Francis of Assisi." Impelled by his thirst for hardship, he asked and received permission to complete his noviceship in the monastery of Akbes, in Syria, the most remote and poorest of Trappist communities. To live there men must needs be stout in limb and heart. Brother Alberic was all this and more. Admiration grew about him. The visiting Abbot of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges who received the vows of the ardent novice at the close of his term of probation, wrote his impression thus: "Our Brother Marie-Alberic appears like an angel amidst us, he wants nothing but wings." These words were no rhetorical gesture; they expressed the simple truth.

For five years and a half Charles de Foucauld abode at Akbes. The life he learned to live here he was never substantially to change; not even when alone in the heart of an African desert.

IN LA TRAPPE, for Charles de Foucauld, was but a school to which Providence had called him that he might learn therein the solid principles of the hidden life—a life of which he was destined to become a compelling exemplar. God was calling him to other fields. Penitential as was the Cistercian Rule, it did not appease the craving in the soul of this fervent follower of Christ for expiatory suffering. To leave an order and return to the secular state with due permission is not without precedent; but to give up the formal religious life to seek a still higher perfection is indeed an extraordinary course. Well might such a resolve give rise to misgivings. Charles disarmed all criticism and won the admiration of his superiors and brothers by leaving his future absolutely in the hands of lawful authority. He longed for a life of utter abasement and of complete obscurity—for the life of Jesus at Nazareth. His superiors to test his docility called him to Rome to study theology and to prepare for the priesthood. He submissively obeyed.

Charles remained in Rome but a few months. His superiors were satisfied that the prompting to leave La Trappe was truly supernatural. Deeply did his brothers in religion regret his going out from among them. The former Prior at Akbes thus wrote: "In leaving us, he has given me the greatest pain that I have ever felt in my life."

Nazareth was the next abode of this "born solitary." Here he hoped to find the opportunity of realizing his dream of complete conformity to the Divine Model. He writes: "La Trappe made me ascend, made mine a life of study, an honored life. That is why I left it and embraced here the humble and hidden life of the divine workman of Nazareth. He dropped his honored family name of De Foucauld and elected to be in future known as Brother Charles.

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For two years he lived in a log-hut out-side the wall of the convent of the Poor Clares, and, for a daily dole of bread and water, rendered his services as a sort of porter and gardener. He thought to hide himself from the notice of men; but the fame of his sanctity spread abroad and even the infidels held him in reverence. His meditations written at this time are rapturous and soul-stirring. One finds in them the same ardor of contrition, the same gratitude, the same frankness, as in certain chapters of the Confessions of St. Augustine.

GOD does not reveal at one time to his chosen souls the way which they must tread. Suffice it if each inspiration is corresponded to with generosity. "One step enough for me, Lead Thou me" was the abiding prayer of Charles de Foucauld. When the call came to accept the holy priesthood, and to labor for the salvation of the heathen, he humbly bowed his head to the Divine Will.

The story of his return to the monastery of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges, of the tender welcome he received there, of his nine months' prayerful preparation for ordination, of his extraordinary dispositions on that occasion, of the fervor of his first holy Mass, is one of singular charm which haunts the memory long after the telling.

Came then the final epoch in his life. He had begun a brilliant career as an explorer in Africa; to Africa he was to return, not for the purpose of broadening the domain of France but to extend the frontier of the Kingdom of Christ. The letters which passed between ecclesiastical authorities in France and those of Africa anent the advent into the missionary field of a soldier-priest, had they fallen into his hands, would have covered him with confusion by their unstinted praise of his holiness. "His sole presence is a most eloquent sermon, and in spite of the apparent singularity of the mission to which he believes himself called, you may quite safely receive him into your apostolic prefecture. . .," writes a former Prior of La Trappe.

The opening chapter in the history of any new found land tells the story of the strenuous days of its pioneer period. The ground must be cleared, fertilized and tilled; subsequent harvests are the fruit of the courage, faith, perseverance and vision of the first settlers. Nature does not yield man support except at the divinely stipulated cost of the sweat of his brow. Neither, in the ordinary Providence of God, are nations won to Christ except by great and prolonged effort. Immemorial prejudices must be removed, God's benedictions called down, the first seeds carefully sown and solicitously cultivated; this is the work of the apostolic missionary—a work demanding all that is best in human nature reinforced by grace. In the vanguard of the Church wherein every soldier

is a hero, great must that figure be who stands out prominently towering in physical and moral strength above his fellows. Such was Charles de Foucauld.

NO more discouraging portion of the Lord's domain could have been selected by Brother Charles as the field of his labor than that to which, by an irresistible attraction of the Holy Spirit, he felt himself called. Did not the prophet sing: "The wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom." To the wilderness went Father Foucauld. The wastes of the Sahara, and the expansive solitudes of unexplored Hoggar he would win to Christ. Alone, save for his inseparable companion the Blessed Sacrament, he toiled for sixteen years. The soil was scarcely ready for the seed. It had to be cleared, fertilized and tilled. By living out in their midst the counsels of the Gospel, he compelled the admiration and gained the sympathetic interest of his deeply prejudiced infidel and heathen neighbors; by unremitting prayer and meditation he called down upon the parched souls of these benighted people the refreshing dews of God's grace; by the exercise of consummate tact and prudence he succeeded in planting seeds the harvest from which he was not privileged to reap.

His death at the hands of marauding Arabs was such as he would have had it. It made him alike in death to the One Whom in life he had striven, with every ounce of energy stored up in an iron constitution, to imitate.

Among his few and simple possessions were found the Stations of the Cross made of little boards on which he had drawn with the pen, and with exquisite finish, the scenes of the Passion; and, besides, a wooden Cross with a finely wrought figure of the Body of the Savior. These, and the Blessed Sacrament, were his earthly treasures. The Cross was his solace during the long years of his solitary apostolate. He had hoped and prayed that in death he might rest beneath it. His plea was granted.

"We may hope," concludes his biographer, "that these relics of earth and stone will not disappear too quickly. But the memory of the man who did not seek, like the rest of men, a convenient house, defended against cold, heat, and the passer-by, will continue and increase. The name of de Foucauld will be cited among those of the servants of God; he will be exalted in Christian communities which will not fail to rise up in the heart of Islam. . . their souls opened to the truth, and seeing what a price was paid for their ransom, will remember. . . the great brotherly monk, Charles de Foucauld, sent to Africa as a sign of mercy, and as the messenger of the salvation which is to be hers."

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Communications should be made as brief as possible, and be signed with the writer's name.

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

THE
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

DIVORCE AGAIN

A Protestant couple married in the Protestant Church become separated and divorced. Can either one re-marry a Catholic in the Catholic Church if he or she embraces Catholicism?—P. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sometimes Protestants who are divorced and become Catholics are permitted to re-marry. This happens, however, not because the Church admits that the civil divorce in anyway dissolves the former marriage; but because in the eyes of the Church the former marriage was in reality no marriage at all.

You know that the State can make laws about the making of contracts; and if these laws are not obeyed, the contract if made is no contract at all. Suppose for instance a boy of twelve were to sign an agreement to enter into a contract. No matter how willing he would be to fulfill the conditions set down in the agreement, the contract would in the eyes of the State have no force and could not be fulfilled. Just as the State has power to lay down conditions about contracts, etc., so the Church has power to lay down conditions about the sacrament of marriage and if these conditions are not fulfilled, then, in the eyes of the Church, there is no marriage.

A point to remember about this subject is that if one or both of the Protestants who marry are baptized they are bound by the laws of the Church regarding the sacrament of marriage even though they do not know them; they must fulfill these conditions or their marriage is no marriage at all.

Suppose, for instance, that two Protestants, first cousins, marry and later are divorced. If one is converted he or she is free to marry again, not because of the divorce but because the former marriage did not fulfill all the conditions laid down by the Church—it was within the degree of blood relationship forbidden by the Church, and hence it was not a real marriage.

Be certain of this: If two baptized Protestants fulfill all the conditions laid down by the Church as necessary for a real marriage, neither of those two can ever re-marry while the other lives.

If the two Protestants are unbaptized the case is different. When one of these is converted he or she, under certain conditions, is permitted to re-marry. In this case as in the former (baptized Protestants) the convert can re-marry, not because of the divorce but because permission to marry under certain conditions was granted to converts of this kind by St. Paul the Apostle. This permission is called the Pauline privilege.

Lack of space forbids any further treatment of this question in this issue. For the benefit of our correspondent and our readers we shall in the next issue give a brief account of the Pauline privilege. We shall be pleased likewise to answer any question that may occur to our readers reading the above answer.

THE BODIES OF THE SAINTS

I was surprised recently when a clerical friend remarked that many of the Saints in heaven are there bodily. I thought that the resurrection of the body was to take place on the last day.—M. J. S., Springfield, Mass.

The resurrection of the bodies of all men will take place on the last day. But that some saints besides our divine Lord and our Blessed Lady are already in heaven in their bodies is the opinion of many spiritual writers. These writers base their view on the words of St. Matthew (27:52): "And the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose. And coming out of the tomb after His resurrection, came into the holy city, and appeared to many." To these words are added the words of St. Paul (Ephes. 4:8): "Ascending on high He captivity captive." Holy writers argue that the Ascension of our divine Lord required for its completeness that some at least of those redeemed from the captivity of Satan should accompany Him as He solemnly took His seat at the right hand of His Father: further that these Saints should appear in heaven bodily, just as they arose bodily at His resurrection, both as a proof that all bodies can arise from the dead and as a pledge that all bodies shall arise from the dead.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

What is the teaching of the Church in regard to the blood that soaked the ground on the Via Dolorosa, the Precious Blood that still stains the Scala Sancta?—A. C. Woburn, Mass.

The Precious Blood shed during the Passion was reunited to the Body of our divine Lord at the Resurrection.

Some few drops of Blood on leaving Jesus' Body, immediately lost their hypostatic, personal union with the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. These were not reunited to the Body of the Risen Christ, and are simply holy relics. They should be venerated, but they cannot be adored: such are the blood-stains on the Scala Sancta.

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COMMUNICATIONS

GIVE IT A TRIAL

Reverend Sir:

"A magazine writer says we need a new religion. But, let's not do anything rash until we try the old one."—New Britain Herald.

Your November issue published that "Pointed Paragraph," Sir, and when I read it, I was a little startled,—but, I read it again. "Well, Sir," says I "neither Dempsey nor Babe Ruth in all their glory landed a crack like that." I'm a little slangy, Sir, I know; but, I think you'll overlook my vehicle of thought to get at the thought itself,—for I have a thought about the above and being almost in my second childhood, I'm much like a boy with a penny in his pocket; he can't rest till it's spent.

Here's the idea. The chap that vented that thought you quoted certainly said something worthwhile. "Let's not do anything rash (i. e. looking for a new religion) until we try the old one." "The world is upside down; Christianity has failed."—You see flaunting in your face almost everywhere. Christianity has failed? They'd come nearer the truth, Sir if they said: "The world is upside down, and Christianity is downside up." Let me explain what I mean. Is it really Christianity that has failed? Why, how in the name of goodness could Christianity fail, when Christianity, true Christianity hasn't been tried.

Why the point is that the world hasn't been Christian for many long years. It is positively **not** Christianity that has failed but **counterfeit-Christianity**,—false, spurious, make-shift Christianity. That's what has failed. I could point to hundreds of instances of it and I am going to state one. Christianity says: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." There's Christianity for you. Yet, here's our pious and holy Christians (God save the mark!) coming to the courts by the hundreds and crying out: "O, Judge, God hath joined us together, please do **you** put us asunder." If these people are Christians, then how can they believe that man can grant divorce. If they're not Christians, or violate the Christian law, how in God's name can they blame Christianity for this sensuous plague of divorce—it is sensuous and it is not even veiled.

FROM A CLERGYMAN'S LOG

Editor, THE SIGN: On board the "Narkunda" (17,000 tons). En route from Australia to Port Said we had two ministers—the famous Dr. Meyer of London (75 years of age) and his companion (manager), the Rev. Howard May, also elderly. We sat at the same table, between us being a widow, neither young nor fair. We called her the "buffer" and she was pleased to accept the role. Well, Meyer had just made a preaching tour of Australia and he was heralded everywhere as the man who stopped the Johnson-Wells prize-fight in London. After hearing all this and some of the innocent stupid fun Meyer and Mays poked at each other during meals, I one day wrote the following:

A famous old fighter, this Meyer, I say,
Who made wonderful hits in his day;
He subdued Johnson-Wells
Amidst curses and yells,
And now he has taken on May.

And, what I say about divorce, I say about almost every other rule of morals and point of doctrine that Jesus Christ taught and that goes to make up Christianity—**true** Christianity, not the fake stuff that a terribly large number of so-called ministers of religion try to pass out as Christian doctrine. If these men, and the world that calls itself Christian, are really Christian, then why don't they teach the doctrines and try to live up to the morals that Christ taught. If they're not going to do this, then in the name of common sense, let them not call themselves Christians.

If these people that are hemming and hawing, and crowing and cawing about the need of a new religion, were to get right down to work and try out the old religion, I assure you, Sir, they'd have something substantial. But here's one minister denies that Christ was God; another denies that hell exists; another that sin exists; another that we have a soul which will live after our bodies have gone to dust; another salves his guilty conscience and says: "Oh, we'll all be saved."—(and Christianity says—"Unless you do penance you shall all likewise PERISH"); another says: "Unless we believe at least in part and repent in a measure, we'll be damned to some extent." Another says we really haven't a soul and our bodies are only figments of the mind, and finally another comes along and says we're only educated apes,—well, Sir, all I have to say is they've made fine monkeys out of themselves.

And then they have the consummate gall to say **Christianity** has failed. Is it any wonder, Sir, an old man like me loses his patience with such men. For God's sake, let them "not do anything rash;" let them quit kidding themselves, and let them open their eyes and investigate for themselves and see and learn what true Christianity has to say for itself. Let them look around and see what Jesus Christ really and truly did teach, let them see if there is still any religious body in the world that teaches and practises all and only what Christ inculcated—and if they find it, then they find true Christianity,—not scare-crow Christianity.

"AN OLD GENTLEMAN"

Phila., Pa.

The "buffer" read it aloud and the ship nearly stopped. That English crowd went into spasms. They never heard anything like it in their lives and a Scotchman opposite me said, "That's just what did happen—curses and yells—when the fight was stopped." The ministers enjoyed the limerick very much and it may be Meyer will incorporate it in a book he happened to be writing. The widow said she would never part with the Ms. Well, the uproar at our table attracted general attention and that night the Captain, for the first time, came to have a chat with me. . . . As I disembarked at Port Said I gave the widow a sealed envelope containing the following to be read at table after I was gone:

Good bye, dear Narkunda, Good-bye!
In my soul joy and sorrow do vie:
For the friends I have met
In my heart have I set
Like the jewels that hang in the sky.

A. J. C., New Orleans, La.

Miss Watts

EARNEST OLDMEADOW

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LI

MORE from impulse than from deliberate choice, I took the Pender road, the least frequented of all our Sillport highways. With neither man nor horse nor dog in sight, we flew like an arrow, with a northwest wind in our faces.

Although I had seen Lord Crayle depart in a car much more solid than my own I had a sinister feeling that he was still sitting in the dining room, hatching plots against poor Dollie, against loyal Felix, against kindly Lord Cressover, against my delicious Marchioness, against brave Lady Hilda, against myself. I drove the car for all it was worth, as if I myself had abducted Dollie and was rushing her into some far-off place of safety.

About half past three, our wheels nested softly in the sand of Sickle Bay, the scene of our picnic nearly six months before. Dollie jumped out and I followed her down the steep beach. The December sun had not yet set, but it was hidden by rain-clouds. With Seagull Cliff rising behind us, we were sheltered from the wind: but, out at sea, half a gale was blowing and the waves, before they curled and broke on the sand, reared like a serried battle-front of iron-grey white-maned chargers.

We stood two or three minutes, looking and listening. When I said: "Dollie, you have something to tell me."

Her lips trembled. She turned away.

Deeply pained, I added: speak all your mind. Lord

Crayle is your kinsman and I am only your friend. I am not going to blame you. If, after Christmas you want to . . ."

She swung round and said desperately: "No, no, no! I've begged him with all my heart to leave me alone."

THE STORY SO FAR

Under pressure from Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington, a maiden lady who devotes her life to philanthropy, Martin Dacey, a retired physician, had adopted an orphan girl called Dollie Watts.

Nothing is known of Dollie's parentage. She recollects a tumble-down old country house where she was brought up by two old caretakers and she retains memories of a little boy who used to climb over the wall and tell her stories about pirates. On his return from Ceylon this old playmate—Felix Roke—succeeds in tracking Dollie "Watts" (who is really the daughter of a dead baronet, Sir Godfrey Easterwood) to Sillport, the little town where Dr. Dacey resides. He is received by Lady Hilda, to whom he discloses what he has learned about Dollie's lineage.

Felix Roke and Dollie meet again at Lady Hilda's dinner-table. From an unkempt little girl Dollie has grown up into a charming young lady, while Felix (now twenty-nine years old) has become a tall, distinguished scholarly man.

Before leaving Sillport, Felix Roke asks leave to correspond with Dollie; but Dr. Dacey objects, on the ground that he does not know enough of the young man's position and character. Felix gives the names and addresses of people who can speak for him. A chapter of accidents follows. Through a telephonic blunder, Felix appears for a short time to be an impostor and Dr. Dacey pursues him to London. There the misunderstanding is cleared up; and, at the house of the Marchioness of Cressover, Felix Roke's half-sister, it transpires that Roke (working on a clue furnished by an old locket of Dollie's) has hopes of establishing Dollie's claim to the Easterwood name and fortune.

I breathed again. She had slipped her hand within my arm. We stood side by side, watching the squadron of iron-grey horses, listening to their pounding and their trampling. Out at sea, the wind seemed to be slapping the sails and whistling among the ropes of invisible ships. Sea-gulls rode as lightly as corks on the humping waves.

"If you'd rather not tell me, Dollie, what Lord Crayle wanted, never mind," I said, "but I can guess two things. He asked you if you are going to turn Catholic; and if you think of marrying Felix Roke. Am I right? Yes, I am! And what did you say?"

Her eyes still fixed on the crumbling breakers, she answered, without taking her hand away from my arm:

"I told him that what I long for most in the world is to be a Catholic. And I told him that I have decided not to be married: but that if ever I altered my mind I couldn't bear to think of anybody but Felix Roke."

Her reply so puzzled me that I drew my arm free of her hand and turned to look Dollie full in the face.

"I don't understand. If you want to be a Catholic, like Lady Hilda, why have you not said a word about it to any of us?" I asked.

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"And why, if you feel like that about Felix, have you decided never to be married?"

For a moment Dollie was no more. In her place against the pale background of the cliff, I now beheld Miss Easterwood, Miss Dorothea Mary Felicia Easterwood, proudly resolving not to wear her heart upon her sleeve. Then something happened. It was as if . . . no, I can't compare it with anything. Miss Easterwood had vanished into nothingness; and against my heart I held Dollie piteously weeping.

She cried a long time, hiding her face in the shoulder of my shaggy coat, while I watched the skies darkening and saw a ship's light, hardly bigger than a pin's head, twinkling golden and starlike far out at sea. Her weeping was not a dismal croon of misery. It was the thankful bursting of a heart which had never known the love of mother or nurse, or sister or girl-friend. I let her cry on.

AT the moment of sunset the pall of cloud suddenly lifted a very little in the west. It was as if a dark grey window-blind had been raised a few inches, so neatly that the lower edge of the cloud made a long parallel with the furthest rim of the sea. The sun seemed to be a great ruddy fruit, squeezed between two horizons. Golden juice welled out from the grey boards of the wine-press until the clouds above and the sea below were alike running with the warm and rich life-blood. Before it sank down, the sun looked at us like a huge eye. Its gaze seemed to flood us with mild light and genial heat, hushing Dollie's sobs and drying her tears.

In a long avowal, made up partly of broken, shame-faced phrases and partly of periods as full and clear as her story of the Spanish galleon, Dollie laid bare her heart. I learned with astonishment that her twenty months under my roof, which to me had seemed so placid except for the two excitements of "the white powder" and of Felix Roke's arrival, had been to Dollie one long struggle between hope and fear. With the golden thread of her happiness there had run, all the time, an inter-twisting strand of foreboding. I found that she had hoarded up in her mind hundreds of trivial things which I have said and done without any second thought and that she had been sorting and re-sorting them into two heaps of pros and cons.

"After I was so wicked with the cheque and the white powder," she said "everything seemed beautiful and safe. I felt like little Posh in one of the tales Felix told me. One night, in a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, Posh was hunted by cannibals. He leapt a stream and plunged into a belt of reeds taller than himself. Instead of firm foothold, he landed in a dry pit and rolled down into a cave. He could hear the cannibals raising horrible war-whoops, but

the reeds had closed over the hole and they did not know there was a cave in the place. In the cave, Posh was very happy. Some smugglers had left boxes of food and barrels of wine. Wild animals used to come in to sleep, but they were quite tame with Posh, so he was never lost. But one day he found some candles the smugglers had left. He went further along the cave and came to three doors made of oak and covered with nails. After that, Posh was frightened. The cave did not seem safe and snug and like home any more. And that is just what I am feeling now. After the white powder, when you adopted me as your daughter, I was so happy. I thought everything would last for years and years and years . . . you and Rory and Mrs. Horsley, with Lady Hilda sometimes. But now there are doors, doors, doors . . . and I don't know what is on the other side of them. I am frightened of Lord Crayle. Oh, if we could only wall all the doors up and be as we used to be!"

THE sun had wholly sunk. Not the faintest tinge of gold alloyed the leaden sea, and a snarling wind was bickering with the wiry grasses at our feet. I confess that Dollie's three doors gave me a creepy feeling.

"Lord Crayle cannot hurt us," I said. "Now that Felix has found the papers, nobody can take you away or keep you out of your rights. The Crayle door shall be walled up. But the other doors, Dollie? One of them opens into the Catholic Church which you love so much. The other . . . well, behind the other stands Felix. I'm a very poor authority on religion, but I do know that when we are once convinced that a religion is true it is a terrible thing to hold back from it."

Once more she pressed herself against me as if to stifle my further words. But I argued on. When I think of it, so long afterwards, I see that it was a droll situation. I, a born Protestant, who cared so little about religion, was urging Dollie to become a Papist without delay: and I, who resented so deeply the idea of a bridegroom taking her away, was pleading the cause of Felix Roke.

The secret came out at last. In the middle of my harangue, Dollie suddenly raised herself on her toes so that her lips were close to my ear and said in a strong, clear whisper:

"Turn your eyes away. Don't look at me. Listen. If I should cease for a single day to fix my mind the other way, I know I should be in love with Felix. Sometimes, when I am off my guard, the thought of Felix rushes in and makes me have wonderful feelings, like the feelings I have when I come to the most beautiful part of a love-story, only much more real, much more as if it is in my very life's breath and

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life's blood. But I am not going to let myself be in love with Felix. If I did . . . if I did, he would guess it like lightning and nothing would satisfy him until he could take me away. He shan't take me away. He shan't! Nobody shall! And that's why I won't be a Catholic—not yet. If I were a Catholic, we should be more closely bound together than ever before—Lord and Lady Cressover and Felix and I—and one thing would lead to another and I should be weak and Felix would take me away. When you are gone out of this world . . . and how I cry whenever I think of it . . . I shall be a Catholic. Oh, I have thought it all out, over and over again. If I should die suddenly, without being a Catholic, I don't believe God will be angry with me. He would know I sacrificed it for you, because I mean to show you my gratitude to the very end; because you love me; because I love you."

A bright light burst into bloom like a sunflower from the midst of the dull waves. Round the shoulder of Sea-gull Cliff a fishing-boat came suddenly towards us, with the wind abaft. Gripping Dollie's arm, I hurried her back to the car and switched on the headlights.

On the way out, she had snuggled inside the car, wrapped in rugs: but on the way home Dorothea sat beside me. We did not speak a word, but we were content. The long, strong shafts of light from our powerful lamps raced before us, like knights in silver armour ready to search out and slay Lord Crayle and every other trouble of our peace.

At home we did not find the shadow of Lord Crayle crouching in wait for us. Our favorite fire of fragrant fir-cones danced and sang in the big old grate, sending a hundred reflections, like a swarm of fire-flies, to nest or peck among my old silver and china and lacquer, my swords and cut-glass goblets and brass candlesticks. We dined gaily: and when the meal had been cleared away, I went to the window and closed the heavy shutters, barring them and bolting them as I had never done before.

"There is one door walled up," I said to Dollie.

She laughed. We settled down in two arm-chairs, one on each side of the leaping fire, with no other light save that of the shaded candles; and we talked of next year's gardening, of our Christmas present to Lady Hilda and of other pleasant things. All seemed so bright and right that, when bed-time came, instead of calling her "Dollie" I said to Miss Easterwood:

"Well, good-night, Felicia."

She answered "Good-night" in so changed a voice that I despised myself for my clumsiness. In the twinkling of an eye Felix sped over six thousand miles of land and sea to claim his Felicia. I turned on the lights and opened the door. She passed out with bent head but I saw her tears.

THE morrow's post brought me this letter from Lord Crayle:

Dogwood Lodge,
December 5th, 1920

My dear Sir:

If you will meet me tomorrow morning, half way between this house and your own, I will meet you much more than half way as regards Dorothea.

Unless you send me a telegram to the contrary, I shall wait for you from eleven o'clock onwards at the Bridge Hotel, Bubbleford,

Yours faithfully,

CRAYLE.

Leaving Dollie behind, to finish the lifting some purple-skinned French topinambours in her garden, I drove in weak sunshine to the trysting-place and found Lord Crayle already there. We left our cars at the inn and stepped out briskly along a riverside promenade. Two nurse-maids with perambulators were the only human beings in sight.

After apologizing for dragging me so far at such short notice, Lord Crayle said: "I am reported to be a very obstinate man. In the main, the charge is true. I plead guilty without a blush: because most of the people I have to deal with are so stupid that they would have made shipwreck of their affairs long ago if I hadn't taken the helm in my own hands and kept it. None the less, I know my limitations. Frankly, I confess that I don't feel competent to manage Dorothea."

With the tip of his walking-stick he sent a pebble flying into the river. Then he added:

"She is an Easterwood, like myself. Dorothea could be as obstinate as I am. Under her very sweet and gentle manner she hides an unconquerable will. I suspect she often gives way, out of pure unselfishness and pleasantness, with hardly a thought of her sacrifice; but nobody could force her. She knows her own mind and she will have her own way in all big things. Furthermore, she is not like any other girl I have ever met. What with the old care-takers at 'The Nurdles' and the matrons at the orphanages, and you, Mr. Dacey and—if I may say so—your friend Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington, Dorothea is a new specimen. I am out of my depth."

He stopped and turned to me with what he intended to be a good-humored smile: but, as I have said already, Lord Crayle is a very ugly man. A double perambulator containing twins was being wheeled past us at that moment, and the terrified infants rent the peaceful air with horrid wails. Perhaps his lordship was accustomed to such experiences. He smiled more industriously than ever and said:

"In short, I have decided not to interfere. My

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wife and my daughter will make Dorothea's acquaintance in town on some convenient occasion. Meanwhile, I retire from the field. And, if you don't mind, I should prefer not to be one of Dorothea's trustees, as we had arranged. I will suggest a good substitute. Once again, Mr. Dacey, I thank you for all you have done."

We drank two surprisingly good glasses of sherry at the ancient inn and parted the best of friends.

Over our coffee, after lunch, Dollie was overjoyed to hear that the Crayle nightmare was well and truly exorcised. I was so much puzzled, however, by Lord Crayle's sudden refusal to form one of the Trust, which the lawyers on both sides had been forming by general consent, that I asked Dollie point-blank whether she had had any conversation with her noble kinsman concerning business.

"Yes," said Dollie promptly. "He told me that I had 'only about twenty-one thousand pounds' and he asked if I understood the value of money. He warned against what he called a reaction towards extravagance:

"And what did you tell him?" I enquired.

"Oh," said Dorothea Mary Felicia Easterwood, as easily as if she had been announcing the gift of a few peg-tops and marbles to Lady Hilda's fisher-boys, "I told him that if ever I do really and truly get all that money, I am going to build a Catholic church here in Sillport, and that he'll have to come and see it opened."

THAT same night I rushed in where Lord Crayle feared to tread. In other words I decided to manage Dorothea.

What spurred me to do so was a telegram from Felix. Affairs of his own in Ceylon—so he said—demanded his attention on the spot. He had therefore resolved to sail at once from Vancouver to Japan and thence to Colombo. His return to England was uncertain.

It did not take me long to guess that this prolongation of her old comrade's exile was in some manner the act and deed of Miss Easterwood. So, that night, I posted two long letters. One was to Felix. Under the heading "Steamship Movements" in the morning's newspaper I found an item which showed that it was too late to stop his departure for Yokohama by cable, so I wrote to the Tokio address which he had given in his telegram.

My other letter was to Lady Cressover. I ought to have written a third letter also: but as Lady Hilda had been holding herself a little aloof from me since our return from France, I postponed my request for a consultation.

Next day, after lunch, I boldly told Dollie that I had written to the Marchioness: but I did not men-

tion Felix. Miss Easterwood's change of religion was quite enough to be going on with. I told Dollie that nothing would make me more unhappy than her persistence in a sacrifice which was not only wrong-headed but unnecessary. I waxed as eloquent as a bishop on the moral and intellectual defects of her position and I gave her my solemn word that her conversion would not change by one hair's breadth my attitude towards her, nor would it be allowed to jar in the smallest measure the harmony of our home. Fish on a Friday would be my delight. I promised to drive her, with or without Lady Hilda, to Dymchester Abbey whenever she liked, or even to accompany her sometimes to the shabby little church in Sillport, seeing that I was no more attached to one religion than to another.

My persuasions were in full flow when we heard a car in the drive. Dollie ran to the window and cried out:

"The Crossovers!"

We were hardly given time to greet them in the hall. From some inscrutable impulse, the Marchioness gripped my arm and shook me, as one shakes a bad boy. She burst out:

"This morning I had two letters. One was yours. I didn't open your first, because I don't like you one bit. The other letter was to cancel an invitation. Philip and I had promised to go down today to Winchester, but the letter put us off. We looked at one another like children when they hear that the governess is in bed with a bad cold. For Philip and me to have a 'day off' is nearly unheard of. Then I looked at your letter; and here we are."

"I wanted to telegraph and Monica wouldn't let me," said Lord Cressover. "But, on the way down, we stopped at a village postoffice and rang up Lady Hilda. She is giving us beds and breakfast at the Tower. No doubt, Lady Hilda is a great help to you in this happy decision which Dollie is taking."

When I admitted that Lady Hilda knew nothing about it my visitors were troubled; and I might have failed to convince them that there was no feud between myself and the lady of the Tower if Lady Hilda had not arrived while we were speaking. She greeted me as if we had parted only the day before, and she made me promise that Dollie and I would dine with her and with her guests that night. Then I perceived that my further attendance was not essential; so I carried off the Marquis to a show of water-colours by our local genius at Sillport Town Hall.

FOUR hours later while we were waiting for dinner at the Tower Lady Cressover drew me into the ingle-nook and murmured to me that Dollie had surrendered. She added:

"At first Dollie was adamant. She protested that

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it would be like running to join Lac, Hilda and Felix and myself in a warm, cheerful house and leaving you, her benefactor, in the dark cold street. She held out till I produced my crowning argument. But if I tell you what it was, doctor, you may be angry."

On my promising to be good, the Marchioness explained:

"I told Dollie that, instead of showing you loyalty and kindness, she was in danger of robbing you of the most precious thing in life. I pointed out that if she takes this great decision and if, in all that goes to make up daily life, she is true to her new religion, it is probable, it is almost certain, that you yourself will be drawn in the same direction; but that—"

"Pardon me, but it was a pity to hold out such an unlikely prospect as that," I said, rather sharply.

"Why? Tell me why?" Lady Cressover demanded, with sudden warmth. "You are a clever man, Doctor Dacey, and well read; but permit me to say, without offence, that men of still greater intellect and of far wider reading have deliberately embraced the old Faith after long years of study and inquiry. I have warned Dollie earnestly against the convert's usual fault of talking too much about religion; but even if she carries out my advice to the letter, the Catholic faith will come much more under your eyes and into your mind than ever before. Now, don't be afraid that I am going to spoil your dinner by theological arguments. I shall not mention the matter to you again . . . not until Whit Sunday, and even then I shall only ask one very simple question which can be answered "Yes" or "No." At the tomb of St. Martin, when we had our jolly trip through Touraine, I prayed two prayers for you and I shall go on praying them. Ah! there goes the gong."

Although they are more recent than events which I recall quite clearly, somehow I cannot sort out distinctly the happenings of January and February and March. In those three months, I made more visits to London than in all the preceding ten years put together. Dollie and I spent the first spring days at Castle Cressover, a white castle on a red rock amidst sand and pines. Holy Week we passed in London, where I participated in ceremonies for hours and hours without being badly bored.

Felicia's conversion was accomplished without fuss; and in April came her confirmation, on the same day as Lady Hilda's. It took place in the little church at Sillport, where the bishop's mitre nearly touched the roof. Eleven others were confirmed at the same time—eight boys and girls, Joe Gunn, our chimney-sweep, Mrs. Blatt, the plumber's wife, and young Rigby, the rate-collector. But the ceremony did not lack impressiveness. The Bishop had brought some young ecclesiastics with him, and a small choir turned

up from somewhere. Dorothea and Hilda wore white veils and looked almost like two sisters.

I had often heard about the newly converted and baptized being "born again" and had regarded it as a mere phrase; but in Dollie's case there was indeed an entrance into a new life. Not that she inflicted pious talk upon me. Her ways of speaking and listening, her hobbies, her general likes and dislikes, remained unchanged; yet I felt that a new being had entered into her and taken possession of her soul. Not merely a new influence, a new outlook upon life, but a new being. At her confirmation, according to custom, Dollie had chosen an additional name—the name Clare. With Dollie, our familiar Dollie in her garden overall, and with Felicia Easterwood, the always pretty and sometimes handsome lady of Felix Roke's dream, there dwelt this new Clare, simple, limpid, strong.

Week-day and Sunday, wet or fine, Dollie went to Mass. On Fridays and Sundays she set out fasting. One terrible morning, when a belated snow storm had blocked our drive and great soft flakes were still whirling in the gloom, I forbade her to go; but she showed me the goloshes over her thick boots and pleaded so desperately that I had to give way.

"I want to make up" she said "for all those years when I never heard Mass at all."

IT was not only with Dorothea's spiritual affairs that the Marchioness of Cressover was a good angel. Her ladyship occupied herself also with Miss Easterwood's dresses and hats and shoes and gloves and stockings. Not without some vexation, I learned that I had been valuing Mrs. Horsley's taste and skill as a dressmaker too highly and that my adopted daughter was not quite "it."

The pages of this book record many an anxious hour, many an alarm; but never once since Dollie came here have I been so terrified as on the day when I had to break it to Mrs. Horsley that Dollie's wardrobe was being overhauled and replenished in London. Mrs. Horsley, although a staunch Low-Churchwoman, had accepted Miss Easterwood's submission to the Pope stoically; but I don't know what would have happened on the day we told her the new arrangements for clothes if Lady Cressover had not tactfully asked Mrs. Horsley to set immediately about the making of a little summer frock for Dollie to wear at Castle Cressover.

Helped by the I-don't-know-what difference between a Bond Street dressmaker and our Sillport efforts, Dorothea appeared a little taller, much more slender and willowy, easier in her movements and more patrician than ever before. Pretty clothes interested her. My subconscious fears that piety would make Miss Easterwood dowdy were more than belied. Often I chuckled inwardly at the odd jerks in the con-

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versation. Lady Crossover and Dollie were a pair. They often went into churches on week-days and seemed to find nothing incongruous in going to a milliner's on the way home.

One day, at Crossover Square, I found on the table one of the little memoranda-forms which the Marchioness was always filling up and forgetting to put into her bag. Later in the day, she let me read it and keep it. It ran:

Tell B. & B. about heels.
Lip-salve.
Buy medal of St. Anth. for H.
Roquefort cheese.
Father Aelred's cheque.
Black safety-pins.
New Bradshaw.
Benediction, St. Agatha's, 4:00 p. m.
Tea, Duchess. Remind her of Tues.
Amber rosary? mended?
Chocolates.

On another occasion, in our own house at Sillport, I heard Lady Crossover ask Dollie to help her make a novena. In my ignorance, I ventured to suggest that it would be a kindly act to let Mrs. Horsley come in and see how this particular piece of finery was cut out or crocheted or knitted. It turned out to be a nine days' prayer.

To my great surprise, Lady Hilda, while remaining more sedate than the Marchioness and Miss East-erwood, also succumbed to the temptation of clothes. In spite of her seniority, Lady Hilda's was the best figure of the three. She patronised the ladies' tailor more than the dressmaker and she would have nothing to do with the very short skirts or with bright colours. The first time we saw her in her new evening dress, a sort of French grey silk with silver trimmings, we all cried out in admiration. If like Paris, I had been compelled to award the apple to one of the three that night—to Lady Hilda, or the Marchioness or Dorothea—on the ground of beauty and grace, I know I should have given it instantly to Lady Hilda.

Having to accompany these elegant creatures to picture-shows, to concerts, to the play, to shops, to the parks and sometimes to churches where the parade of fashion could put the smartest restaurants to shame, I too had to consider my appearance, though not until the Marquis gave me a gentle hint. Heaven deliver me from ever thinking too much about clothes, but I see now that for ten years or more I had been thinking about them too little. Now that my hair is cut a little shorter and my suits are less disdainful of the mode, I do not feel more of a dandy, but I feel less of a recluse and on easier terms with my fellow creatures and with myself.

TO bring this book right up to date, a page or two of writing will suffice.

It has taken me three days to scribble the last seven chapters, so today is the first of July.

Felix arrives tomorrow. He did not receive my letter until the end of January. In Ceylon his affairs took nearly three months to disentangle, but he is home at last. Or, rather, his train is now flying northward through France. He wired us from Marseilles yesterday.

I have begged Dollie to promise that, when Felix makes his declaration, she will accept him frankly, promptly as her clearly pre-destined mate. I have said that, if she still persists in her loyal resolve not to desert me, she can postpone the wedding for a year, and that when she is married I will come and stay in her new house as long and as often as its master and mistress want me. Her sole response is:

"Let us wait and see. Perhaps Felix has changed his mind."

Felix will find great changes—Lady Hilda and Dollie both converted to his religion, half our pergolas pulled up and a tennis-court laid down. Rory fat, Lady Hilda and Dorothea thin, the Marquis gay and my hair cut. But he will not find me a Papist.

On Whit Sunday, I attended High Mass in Westminster Cathedral, with Dollie and the Crossovers. The Cardinal Archbishop pontificated, a most dignified and spiritual-looking Prince of the Church, and I was glad to be there. As the crowds were streaming out, the Marchioness led me into a dim chapel encrusted with Byzantine mosaics which smouldered like dying coals in the vault above our heads. She said quickly:

"I am not going to torment you, but is there anything I can do?"

I answered "No," and she said no more. But when we were out in the sunshine, I felt dismally useless and lonely. Throughout the service, I had been conscious of an intense longing on the part of Dollie and these true friends that I might there and then break to them great news. As the choir tolled out the austere music, like weavers at a loom, I had felt that the Catholic theory of the universe was at least as reasonable as any other and that it stood before me accredited in many wonderful ways. I admit that I envied my three companions their peace of mind, their grip of the unseen, their inspirations and consolations. But I'm not going to turn Catholic. One must keep some independence. Ever since Lady Hilda came to me that memorable day, more than two years ago, and practically commanded me to take in a girl from an orphanage, I have been dancing to the tunes Lady Hilda and Dollie and the Crossovers have piped. My whole way of life is changed and my hair is clipped

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short. But I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at meekly and mildly following Lady Hilda, like a good dog, wherever she goes, even into the Catholic Church. I complain of nothing that has happened, indeed, I would not for the world put back the clock and have things different. Still, of late, I've had an unmanly consciousness of too much petticoat government. I have learned to love the three beings whom I secretly call my three women-folk: so dainty, so fragrant, so silken, so gentle, so unspoilt, so zealous, so self-sacrificing, so charitable, so honest, so strong, but it is good for them to know that they cannot wholly rule me. I still call my soul my own.

FELIX arrived this morning. There is a new kind of horn on his car which sounds more nobly than a trumpet, and, as he came flying up the drive, the drizzling rain ceased and the sun burst out, like an April sun but more ardent. I told him afterwards that we must give him one more name. He is not only Lord Nelson and Julius Caesar and the Great Mogul but also the Cloud-compelling Jove.

His radiant onset of greeting so overwhelmed me that I did not notice Dollie's absence until he looked round with sudden pain. The library door opened and a delicious lady came into the hall, wearing a summer frock of thin cream voile, with a rope-like, cinnamon-coloured girdle and a white linen hat adorned with a circling cord of the same cinnamon as the girdle. I say "a delicious lady" because the apparition was not all Dollie and not all Miss Easterwood. Like the hues on a peacock's breast, Miss Easterwood and Dollie in turn waxed and waned, rose and fell, dimmed and brightened.

I am often called "proper" and am praised and blamed for a sense of decorum which is distinctly out of date. Yet I confess that I felt indignant at the correct behaviour of these re-united lovers. They merely clasped hands long enough to exchange the words: "Home again, Dollie!" and "Felix, I'm so glad." Perhaps an incurable bachelor like myself ought not to carp, but I do think I should have been bolder in Felix' place.

They have gone down, just the two of them, to the shell-beach near Sillmouth. Lady Hilda will join us at a late luncheon.

AFTER lunch when Felix had given us all—not forgetting Mrs. Horsley—his presents of Japanese colour-prints and lacquer and porcelain and jade, of Indian brass and silver and silk, Lady Hilda and Dollie left me alone with our guest to finish the century-old East India sherry which had been opened in his honour.

My attempts at praising Felix for his successful activities in Canada were cut short by his outburst of

gratitude for my care of Dollie. He has formed a most exaggerated estimate of the little I have done. When we were agreed that this conflict of compliments must be regarded as a drawn battle, he became oddly nervous and began jerking out the only words I cared to hear.

"I have . . . I've spoken to Dollie," he stammered.

"And all is arranged?" I asked, affecting an easy confidence which I did not feel.

He answered gloomily: "No. It isn't. Dollie was awfully nice about me being her dearest friend, all our lives, but as for . . . the other thing . . . well, all she'll say is that she'll think about it and I'm not to mention it again until her birthday."

He tossed off his wine like a man making haste to swallow a dose of nasty medicine. To see my sherry thus treated annoyed me so much that I retorted unkindly:

"If you've given her that promise, you must keep it."

I put back the stopper and locked up the decanter in the sideboard. Then I spoke of the new tennis-court and led the way through the French windows into the garden.

While Dollie and Felix were playing a rather one-sided game of singles, Lady Hilda and I sat on a rustic bench under the big, clean lime-tree. I told her what had passed between the young people. Instead of looking disappointed, she brightened up and exclaimed:

"Splendid! I would never have believed that Dollie could be so romantic."

"Romantic?" I echoed. "Romantic? To grow a handsome, loyal, brainy, manly lover, after a year's absence, with no more than a brief handshake; to treat him with hardly anything better than commonplace politeness after he has gone all round the world; to win you back your name and your fortune, to tell him, although you know you care for him more than you care for anybody else, that he must confine himself to impersonal conversation for a whole month; no, I don't call that romantic."

"You have forgotten something," Lady Hilda replied, "something that impressed me and touched me deeply when I first heard it, from your own lips. Something that accounts for my taking to Felix Roke from the very beginning. Dollie once told you—and you told me—that she remembered a little boy, called Julius Caesar, whose birthday was the day before her own. She remembered him saying how he would love, some day, to climb over the wall on the stroke of midnight, so that they could be together in the last moment of his own birthday and the first moment of Dollie's. Spoken by an older person, I grant that such a thing might fairly be called sentimental or artificial; but

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coming from an artless boy to a little ragged girl, it was poetical, it was beautiful. I repeat that it moved me deeply."

When I failed to express my agreement with her, Lady Hilda continued, in a less dreamy manner:

"Felix has forgotten it, no doubt; just as you yourself had forgotten it. But Dollie hasn't, just as I myself haven't. Men have no hearts."

Tardily perceiving Lady Hilda's meaning, I protested that anything so deliberately romantic was foreign to Dollie's temperament. "Some girls," I said "might plan an elaborately stage-managed revival of a ten-years-old sentimental situation, but not Dorothea Mary Felicia Hilda Easterwood."

"You bring in the Hilda to clinch your assertion that she is prosaic," said her ladyship. "It's a strong argument, but I don't alter my opinion. Now, please don't talk for a few minutes. I'm working out an idea."

The idea turned out to be this: Lady Hilda's anniversary with Dollie to Wales is to begin a week,

earlier than usual, so that the birthday will be spent among the mountains. Felix is to be told that he can run down and have a few days' fishing with the two ladies, establishing his headquarters at a little inn for anglers, about half a mile from Lady Hilda's cottage.

"Your garden here does you credit," said her ladyship, "especially the cauliflowers and beans, but you will not claim that it is the ideal background for romance. You must let Felix come to Llanfair-y-coed. Trust me to look after the proprieties. Today is Saturday. Dollie and I will start three weeks from Monday."

And now this book is filled full. I began it with no thought that I should cover three hundred pages with writing. For the second volume, I will choose a thinner copy-book, because, when Felix and Dollie are safely betrothed, I shall write no more than the one word "Finis."

(To be Continued)

Raphael's "Virgin Enthroned With Saints"

(Metropolitan Art Museum, New York. See illustration on cover.)

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX

Now turn we from the clamorous city ways
To bring our spirit's homage to this shrine
Of loveliness outsoaring mortal praise,
Of motherhood and Childhood most divine.
Yet as their glory lightened on the eyes
Of Raphael in the golden, dream-starred noon
Of his young manhood 'neath far Tuscan skies,
The golden manhood waning all so soon,
So shine they still for us by God's high grace,
And the high truth of man's immortal art
Triumphing over Death and Time and Space,
To make henceforth of this, our life, a part.

They breathe a silent music heavenly-sweet,
That dewlike on the gazer's spirit falls—
A symphony in whose still wave-sounds meet
All that man's soul to higher summits calls.

Child! Mother! Saints! the largesse that is yours
Of reverence, of peace, of purity,

We kneeling take, to keep while life endures,
And bear with us into eternity.

The Passionists in Germany

By FATHER VALENTINE, C. P.

QUITE a number of friends have been asking us: "What are you doing in Germany? Others want to know why they see nothing in THE SIGN about the Passionists in Germany.

We have been very busy relieving poverty—as far as our very limited resources permitted—and fighting the "Reds" and the blues. On the side we have been doing some missionary work.

I will not enlarge on the first topic because it is an "oft-told story" in America. But I could "unfold a tale" that, I think, would eclipse anything I have so far read in the American papers. God help the poor in Germany this winter!

The second occupation is so distasteful that I do not care to dwell on it; but I know that our friends at home are wondering why we have not been already settled in our own residence.

The plea put forth is the scarcity of dwellings; but the real reason is that the "Reds" do not want us in Pasing. The "Reds" are the Socialists. Catholics, or Christians are known as the "Blacks."

Over a year ago we purchased a parcel of land from a building association. The officers of the association were "Blacks;" but many of its members were "Reds." When the latter found out that "some black clerical scamps from America" had purchased their land, they set up a howl. They ignominiously expelled the officers who had sold us the land and cited us before every available tribunal. Fortunately for us, the various magistrates and "ministers" were "Black," or, at least, fair-minded. But, even at that, it took over a year to have our property legally recorded.

We have been doing some missionary work. Last July we preached a course of fourteen sermons on the Precious Blood. Of these Father Victor preached five and I preached eight. Father Leopold preached one. It was his first sermon in German. For the entire

course we were offered 5 cents! We declined to accept in favor of the poor.

More than two months—66 days, to be exact—we substituted for the chaplains of the City Hospital. The remuneration which we received did not pay for our board. I have given two short retreats and am booked for another. The first regular Passionist mission is arranged for next Lent. It will be given in the church of St. John the Baptist, one of the largest churches in Munich. For a year one of us has been going every Saturday to the State Sanatorium at Kirchseon.

IT may interest THE SIGN readers to know the true facts about the Hitler "Putsch" or Insurrection. November 9th, the Nationalist Socialists caused a riot. Hitler, their leader, had given assurance of loyalty to the existing Government. Ludendorff had done the same. On the strength of the word of honor, they were invited by the State Commissary, Dr. von Kahr, to a monster meeting in the Burgerbrau for the rehabilitation of the Fatherland. While Dr. von Kahr was delivering his address, Hitler appeared with an armed cordon of his followers. Covering Kahr, Lossow and Leesser with their revolvers, they forced them to indorse their program. Hitler then declared the Governments of Bavaria and Berlin deposed. The Ministers of State present were secretly arrested and led away. Hitler then proclaimed the Hitler-Ludendorff Federal Dictatorship. Afterwards Ludendorff was arrested, but was later freed because he claimed that he had been drawn into the affair through deceit. Some say that Hitler is at present in jail, while others claim that he is at liberty, collecting his forces for a new "Putsch." It is said that his slogan was: "Away with priests and jews—priests first." His followers blame Cardinal Faulhaber for the failure of the insurrection. Probably 20 persons were killed in the riot—4 policemen, 10 Hitlerites, and a few onlookers. These are the sacrifices of a fanatic or worse.



FIRST PASSIONIST MONASTERY IN GERMANY LOCATED IN PASING NEAR MUNICH

THE APPEAL OF

JESUS CRUCIFIED

The articles in this section while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of



Christ's love for us, and to gather strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks and leaflets.

THE DERELICTION OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS

My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken me? Matt. 27:46 Mark. 15:34

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "Eli, Lamma

Sabachthani?" That is, "My, God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me,"

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections Directed to Jesus)
CONSIDER THE CAUSE OF THIS DERELICTION OF JESUS.

After Jesus had spoken His last word to mankind in the persons of His blessed mother and St. John, there was a long period of silence, broken only by the drip, drip of the Precious Blood from the Cross to the earth. The unnatural midday gloom, that every moment deepened over Calvary, was but a mysterious sign of the darkness that was shrouding the heart of the Son of God.

Christ had consented to take upon Himself the sins of all men, and now He is paying the penalty. "He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." (Isa. 53-5.) "His own self bore our sins in His body upon the tree." (Peter 2-24.)

But it was the sufferings of His soul that forced from Christ this terrible cry of anguish. The essence of the punishment of sin in hell is the utter desolation of the soul in its estrangement from God toward Whom it feels drawn with an intolerable longing. And now the human soul of Christ is made to experience in a mysterious manner this dereliction of the damned.

Jesus could and did endure the whips and thorns and nails without a murmur, but this torture of His soul is unbearable even for Him, the Son of God.

The night before, in the Garden of Gethsemane, He had sweat blood at the very thought of taking upon Himself all the sins of men. "Himself who knew no sin being made sin for us (2 Cor. 5/21.) It was then that He had consented to become covered with the foul leprosy of all the loathsome corruption of the

ages. But only now is He made to feel the full horror of it all. His hands appear red with the murders of men, His lips as if defiled with myriad oaths and blasphemies and obscenities, His Sacred Heart seems frozen with the pride and cruelty and greed. His mind is sickened with the evil lusts, of the sons of men,—all, all the sins of the world are upon Him as if they were His own. And over everything else, the sense of abandonment by God presses down intolerably upon His soul. The darkness and despair of hell envelopes Him. He cries to His Father almost as though He were lost, "My God, My God" He cries, (how can He now use the old endearing name of Father) "why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The saints have sometimes been allowed to feel a touch of this sense of abandonment which St. John of the Cross calls the "dark night of the soul"; and they have confessed themselves utterly unable to picture its horror. Can we realize even a part of what it meant to Christ to take upon Himself this suffering? If the craving of a lost soul for God is unimaginable, what must have been the desolation of the Son of God in His feeling of abandonment?

The Evangelists St. Matthew and St. Mark both record this fourth word of Jesus on the Cross, and it is deeply significant that it is the only word they mention of all the seven that Christ spoke from the Cross. No doubt they considered this the most impressive word of all. And it is indeed true that even a small realization of what this word means would be sufficient to make us become saints.

How would we not fear an eternity of hell, an everlasting abandonment by God, listening to this cry of Christ under His passing sense of abandonment? But this fear of hell, which is only the beginning of



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wisdom, would soon give way to the love that casts out all fear, the love of Him Who tasted the sufferings of hell to save us from knowing them forever.

Oh my Jesus, some have said that because Thou art God, Thou didst not feel Thy sufferings. But now I know what torture Thine must have been, which was able to wring from Thy lips, Thou Son of the Most High God, such an awful cry. My sins, O Jesus, had a place in that desolation of Thine, and it was to save me from the eternal dereliction of hell that Thou didst take them upon Thyself. Oh Lord, what must be the everlasting pain of hell, when but a passing touch of it could force Thee to cry out in agony? Do not let that suffering of Thine be in vain for me. Fill me with fear of the hell that would separate me from Thee forever. (Continue making such affections so long as you feel your heart moved by them.)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and affections directed to our own spiritual improvement.)

Consider the lesson for us in this cry of Jesus.

We have noted that Jesus did not call upon God, as He was wont to do, by the tender name of Father, to show us how He was crying out as a sinner. And yet, with all His depression and agony of soul, there is no note of rebellion in this cry of Jesus.

"My God, My God! "He says, "why hast Thou forsaken Me?" It is a cry of entreaty and of love. There is no protest against His other sufferings; only, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" "All the rest I can bear, O My God, but not, oh not to lose Thee."

Here is a mighty lesson for us, one which would suffice to place us on the highroad to sanctity, if we would but understand and practice it.

And that lesson is, to use the suffering, the weariness, the loneliness, yes, even the sinfulness of our lives, to draw closer to God.

Without suffering of some kind, it is impossible to get close to God, because it is only through suffering that we feel our need of Him. We use the things which He has created for our happiness, comforts, pleasures and loved ones, often without a thought of Him Who made them all and upon Whom they entirely depend. And if we do thank Him for them, how seldom does that thanks come from deep down in our hearts, with a full realization of how much all these things depend upon Him.

No! To make us appreciate what He means to us, it seems that God must allow us to suffer. He causes us to be lonely and weary. He lets us at times sense the emptiness of everything in life without Him. Often He permits us to experience the shame and remorse of sin, and, in extreme cases, almost despair, to force us to draw near to Him.

A reading of the Lives of the Saints will readily convince us that God frequently sends to those who are

earnestly striving to serve Him temptations to discouragement and even to despair. It would seem as if they were called upon to share, in some faint measure, something of our Lord's dereliction on the cross.

We, of course, are not to be classed with God's great servants, but even to us may come moments and hours of spiritual affliction and sensible distress. We wonder whether our sins have been forgiven, whether they can be forgiven. We try to do good, and we are balked in our efforts or we are harshly criticized. We pray and, apparently, our prayers go unheard. We are seriously tempted to give up praying, and to punish God, as it were, by the silence of our souls.

These are some of the ordinary difficulties of persons who are making some effort to serve God. It will be well for them to remember that the attainment to holiness is not a matter of mere wishing, and that, if we are to be intimately associated with Jesus Christ and to grow in the love of Him, we must be marked with the strong marks of His blessed Passion.

Christ suffered, leaving us an example. Suffering, in one form or another, is the law of life. It is also the law of Christian perfection. Unless we become conformed to the image of Christ Crucified, we can hardly expect to be numbered among His disciples.

In view of this truth, we will not be so hasty to complain of the trials, afflictions and temptations that more or less constantly confront us.

If we would but understand that all these apparent evils are permitted for our happiness, that these times of trial are in reality great blessings and the very best opportunities to draw close to God! For it is only at such times that we are made to feel the helplessness of all but God, and that our hearts are moved with deep longing for Him. It is only then that we are roused to send forth a loud cry of appeal from the bottom of our hearts.

O my God, let me learn to see Thee behind the trials and depressions of life. Let me understand that it is thus Thou art teaching me the nothingness of all things without Thee, that these touches of desolation are to warn me what a terrible thing it is to be completely and eternally forsaken by Thee. By the abandonment of Thy Divine Son on the Cross, O my God, do not abandon me. By the loud cry of Jesus, hear my cry. And if at the last hour of my life, I am unable to cry to Thee, remember, O God, that now I cry to Thee not to forsake me forever.

FRUIT OF MEDITATION: In all the sorrows and depressions of life, especially in my last agony, I shall cry to God with a loud cry of the heart for help, knowing that this is the best proof of my love for Him.

EJACULATION: "My God, My God, never forsake me."

Conformity to Christ Crucified

(January, 1924, Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion.)

JESUS Christ, the Son of God, came into this world not only to atone for our sins by the shedding of His Precious Blood but to teach us the way to salvation. He is not only our Redeemer, but our Light and our Guide. "I am the Light of the world," He said. "He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Jesus taught men not merely by His preaching, but also by His example. Every act of His life from His infancy to His death contains some practical lessons of virtue. He is the perfect man, the model man given us to study and imitate. He is the second Adam, the new head of the human family, our Elder Brother, whom we must resemble if we will enter the home of our Heavenly Father. "Whom God foreknew He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born amongst many brethren."

Now the great characteristic feature in the life of Jesus Christ is suffering. From first to last His portion on earth was suffering: physical suffering and mental suffering of all kinds. His lowly birth in the cold stable at Bethlehem, His obscure youth in the workshop at Nazareth, the poverty and humiliations, the opposition and persecution of His public ministry,—all tell of unceasing suffering. Above all, the dreadful climax on that eventful Good Friday,—the Agony in the Garden; the Betrayal by Judas; the Denial by Peter; the mock trial; the false accusations; the insults and outrages; the Scourging and Crowning with Thorns; the Carrying of the Cross; the gall and vinegar; the nails through His hands and feet; the Three Hours Agony and cruel death,—all reveal Jesus Christ to us as preeminently, "The Man of Sorrows," as the Prophet describes Him.

If Jesus then is our Teacher and our Model, and if our perfection in God's sight depends upon our conformity to Him, our life will be perfect only in proportion as suffering enters into it. Suffering is indispensable for Christian perfection,—aye, indispensable even for eternal salvation. "The disciple is not above his Master, but every one shall be perfect if he be as his Master," says Jesus. And again He says:

"He that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me is not worthy of Me." The road to heaven is the Way of the Cross. Daily and hourly does the Eternal Father address each of us in the words of Pontius Pilate, "Ecce Homo," Behold the Man,—the perfect man, the model man, the Man of Sorrows, the Crucified Savior, to Whose image and likeness you must be conformed if you will be saved. Suffering alone can impart to us that family resemblance needed for companionship with Jesus in heaven.

Conformity to Jesus Crucified must then be our highest ambition and constant aim. This requires that we daily think about Him. From morning till night; in all the ups and downs of life; we must keep ever before our eyes the image of Jesus Crucified, and study Him as the artist studies his model.

HAVE a good sized Crucifix in your room. Keep it near your bed and spend at least five minutes, during your night prayers, in looking at Jesus and meditating on His cruel sufferings. As you look at Him, ask yourself *Who He is that suffers?* He was the all-holy Son of God, most pure, sinless, perfect. If ever there was a man who needed not to suffer, it was He. Life for Him should have been perpetual bliss and sunshine, yet what was it? *And why did He suffer?* To atone for your sins, yes, but also to teach you the value of suffering and the need of suffering and to urge and encourage you to suffer with Him. "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps." *And how did He suffer?* Did He refuse? Did He complain and rebel? No, He accepted all with resignation and even with joy. "Father not My will but Thine be done."

After meditating thus on your Crucified Savior, contrast your own life of comfort with His life of suffering. Contrast your impatience with His resignation. Pour out your soul in sympathy for Him, and in contrition for your own self-indulgence. Make a resolution to accept the sufferings God sends you and even to seek suffering by the practice of some penance.

Conformity to Jesus Crucified is the particular intention—the special grace—for which the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion should pray during January.

The Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, originated by St. Paul of the Cross, is a canonically established society. It has been generously enriched with indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership in it is to have one's name registered. Its main purpose is to cultivate a personal devotion to Jesus Christ Crucified. For its more efficient operation, three degrees of membership have been instituted. **First Degree** Members say daily Five Our Fathers and Five Hail Marys in honor of the Five Wounds of Christ, and also make, morning and evening, an Offering of the Precious Blood. **Second Degree** Members make the Stations of the Cross once a week, besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. **Third Degree** Members make Fifteen Minutes Meditation daily on the Sacred Passion, besides performing the works of the First and Second Degrees. The **Spiritual Activity** of the Archconfraternity consists in a **Crusade of Prayers** and **Good Works** for the conversion of sinners, especially for the conversion of China, and for the welfare of the Passionist Missionaries in China. Please send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

WITH THE JUNIOR



READERS OF THE SIGN

A Child's Prayer

BY LILLIAN KANE

Heavenly Father from above.
Send this year Thy grace and love
To a little one who would
Thru the hours be very good;
Make my eyes see beauties rare
In Thy handwork everywhere
Make each sound that greets my ear
Be but one that I should hear;
And the scents from all the flowers
Speak to me of Heaven's bowers:
Make my feet be swift to run
On each errand to be done;
And my hands most willingly
Do each task assigned to me;
Guard my tongue from language vile,
Bid my lips be quick to smile;
Then shall this year truly be
One grand service prayer to Thee;
AMEN.

A Letter of a Real Boy

Dear Daddy:

I read the letter of your friend Rose in the November SIGN and I must admit that she is a pretty smart girl. She spells all her words correctly, uses good grammar and has lots of ideas; but there is one great fault that I find with her—what she says isn't true. Boys don't think they're half as smart as she says they do.

Something happened a few days ago which gives me lots to write about in my letter this month, and which I think will be a good sermon on a fault that is very common among girls—vanity!

Nellie Burton, the girl who lives across the street, got a pretty blue muslin dress for her birthday, and no sooner did our Gracie see it than she wanted one too. What's more, she wanted it right away, in time to wear to cousin Anna's party which was only three days off. Mother told her that she couldn't have the dress, and to stop thinking about it; but Gracie, who ordinarily is very obedient, did no such thing. She watched for Dad to come home from work that night, and my, didn't she make a big fuss over him! You know how these girls do when they want something special from their dad! She took off his shoes,

ran for his slippers, put them on, and then brought him his smoking jacket and cigars. You'd think she was just a dear little angel dropped out of heaven the way she waited on him. Of course dad knew that something was up, and he wasn't a bit surprised when she asked him for the new dress. At first he said no, sort of half-hearted like, and Gracie saw it was easy, and just teased him a bit and gave in. Mother says this is the way many fathers spoil their daughters, so that they can't learn to obey their husbands after they grow up and get married.

I think if Dad had to make that dress himself, he would have thought twice before saying yes. Well, anyhow, he asked mother to make the dress, and mother, who always does what dad asks of her, consented. She went down town and bought the goods that very afternoon—Thursday, came home, and started to work on the dress at once. Friday, mother worked all day long on the dress. When we came home to dinner, the dining room was all littered up with scraps of cloth and bits of thread. Mother said she'd been too busy to bother much about dinner and she hoped we wouldn't mind. Gracie said of course we wouldn't, but it was a case of "Why don't you speak for yourself, Gracie." Everyone of us left the table feeling just like sitting down to the table again, we were that hungry.

At supper it was the same thing. Poor dad came home from work all tired out after his hard day's work, expecting a nice warm supper. All we had was boiled potatoes, cold ham and lettuce. Grace boiled the potatoes. Mother told her to put a little salt in the water, and Gracie thought she would spring a grand surprise on all of us by using sugar instead. She used a whole pound, and we certainly were surprised! She made some biscuits too, and as soon as dad felt one he said to me, "Bud, please pass the steam roller!" But none of us really complained. We always do make a pleasant effort to be kind to one another, and not to hurt one another's feelings on Friday, in honor of Our Dear Lord's Passion.

Well, to make the story shorter, the next day, Saturday, mother saw that she couldn't finish the dress—the party was to be on Monday, and she phoned Aunt Julia to come and help her. Aunt Julia came right over, bringing her little eight year old boy, Georgie with her. Georgie is a little terror if there ever was one. He started in by trying to pull the ear off our cat and nearly had his eyes scratched out for his pains. Soon after this he got a hold of Alice's best doll, Arabella Aline, and broke her head off trying to find out what made her eyes move! He was into some mischief or other all day long and I tell you, before evening we were all fit to be tied. I told Gracie that she was to blame for the whole thing and that he never would have

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come, except for her old dress. You should have heard her talk then. I didn't stay to listen for I know by experience that she always can out-talk me!

The dress was finished in time, but the party was postponed, as cousin Anna became ill.

That evening, Gracie was as blue as the pretty new muslin dress that she wore. Dad was sitting, all alone, in the big chair before the open grate fire in the parlor. Gracie stole in and crept up into his arms. That's where she always goes for consolation. I stole in, too, and threw myself on the sofa, and listened to their conversation. Among other things I heard this, "Gracie, the test of a real, good little girl is the number of things she can do without," and, "There is one thing that girls can not have too little of, and that is—vanity."

Hoping that all sisters will not forget to remember these most wise sayings of dear dad, I remain,

Yours till girls stop being vain,

BUD.

A Letter of a Real Girl

Dear Daddy:

I read with great interest the letter of your friend Bud, in the November SIGN. I am not going to make any comments on his letter but will content myself with preaching to the boys another lesson which nearly everyone of them needs.

The other night, daddy read to us about the editor of The American Magazine, who died only recently, and how he said that if any inscription were put on his tomb-stone, he wished it would be this, "Here lies a man who lived a number of years upon earth, and found that there is no substitute for work."

"Frankie, take notice of that," said daddy, "you'll never amount to anything in life unless you get more gumption and work harder at your books. Your report card last month was the worst ever."

"And it isn't because he hasn't brains," remarked mother, quietly; "he couldn't help but have them, seeing who his parents are."

"It's just because he's so terrible lazy," said I; "he hardly ever does his home work. It does seem to hurt him so, to sit down and think! Then too, he has to have just so much fun every day, he couldn't possibly miss that."

"I have to work very hard to keep you in school, Frankie," said daddy sternly; "it's a sin for you to waste your precious time so, nothing but a form of stealing."

Frankie put on a very long face,—this is easy for most all brothers to do, though as a rule they can't cry as well as sisters! "I admit that I've been a bit lazy," he said. "But I'll do better. As for my home work, I'll do that the first thing after supper every evening; work first, play afterwards, is going to be my motto."

For the two following nights, Frankie did his home work faithfully. The third evening he was at his books but a few minutes, when I noticed he began to get restless. It was a glorious moon-light night, and most of Frankie's chums were out on the Mill Pond skating. I was sitting across the table from Frankie, doing my home work also; mother was sitting near me, sewing; and dad

was over in the corner of the room, reading THE SIGN.

Pretty soon up speaks Frankie thus, "Golly, but I do feel awful dull in my head! Guess I need a little fresh air all right, all right, to brighten me up a bit. Mayn't I go out skating for an hour or so, dad? I'll be in fine spirits for study when I come in."

Daddy looked up and smiled, "Trying to find a substitute for work," he said; "no use, Frankie, boy, it can't be found. Keep to your books now, and don't let your imagination get the better of you so easily."

Frankie turned his attention to his books again and said no more for a few minutes. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and I saw that it was no go. Very soon he spoke again, in the most pitiful voice that you ever heard, "Golly, I'm feeling perfectly wretched, I am. Oh dear! I can't seem to get a single sentence of this lesson, straight in my head. Likely as not I'll be sick abed in the morning."

"Bring the castor-oil," said mother.

"Oh I'm not as sick as that," exclaimed Frankie, plainly frightened,—he didn't like mother's favorite medicine, in fact he hated it.

"You're just sick enough so that an hour's skating would make you feel fine, isn't that it, Frankie," I asked.

All he gave me was a scowl.

Then daddy got up, walked over to Frankie and put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Here is a boy who has lived a few years upon earth and thinks that play is a good substitute for work. I tell you Frankie it isn't and it never will be. Boy, get down to your books and forget all about skating for this evening!" And Frankie did, but he was as grouchy as anything all evening.

Now when Frankie starts to scold me for anything all I have to say is, "Here is a boy who has lived a few years upon earth, and thinks that play is a good substitute for work." Then he gets so mad that he can't even talk.

Trusting that all "brothers" will appreciate my sisterly advice, I remain,

Yours until lazy boys cease to be,

ROSE.

The Prizes in the photograph content have been allotted to Daniel Morrissey, Paul Kelly, Bill Detzel and Mary Esther Graham.

It was gratifying to learn from the competitors how much of their free time was given to study, to helpful service in the home, to visiting church and missionary work. But, judging from most of the compositions submitted one would think that boys and girls were entitled to no time for play or amusement. Young people are entitled to such pastimes. Too frequently, however, faults of disobedience are committed because of the desire to prolong play unreasonably, and valuable time is wasted by those who sit habitually for hours at the "movies". We should have liked more to tell how they succeeded in giving time to play and amusement with due moderation and without it interfering with their regular duties, or with the other good works they might feel inspired to perform.

The prize composition was written by Elizabeth J. Doherty. Honorable Mention: Evelyn Murtaugh.

DADDY SEN FU.



A Most Welcome Gift. - - - A Chinese Priest. - - - On the Yuan River. - - - Something New in Shenchowfu. - - - A Visit to Kienyang. - - - Gemma's League

A Most Welcome Gift

THE Passionist Fathers in China were exceedingly well pleased when His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate gave them his blessing and many kind words of encouragement. They were again surprised and delighted to receive a photograph of His Excellency with these words in his handwriting:

"To the Passionist Fathers:

"We preach Christ and Him Crucified." When He shall be lifted up among the Chinese, He will draw all things to Himself.

✠ Celsus Costantini

20 August, 1923 Del. Apos. to China.

The Most Rev. Celsus Costantini, Titular Archbishop of Teodosia, was for many years interested in the youth of Italy and became very popular among them. Around Turin, Monsignor Costantini always found time to help the boys and young men in their studies as well as in many other ways, and they in turn respected him as their loving father and friend. The present Holy Father appointed him as Administrator of Fiume, which position he held until a year ago, when he was sent to China as Apostolic Delegate of the Holy See. His residence is at Hankow, in the Province of Hupeh.

The Church in China according to official statistics published in 1920 numbered more than fifty-two Bishops

and about two thousand five hundred priests with a Catholic population of 1,994,483. Since that time, the Holy See has sent more priests to China, has established the Apostolic Delegation, and the number of Catholics is now well over two million. The Jesuit, Father Francis X. Tchao informs us there are 1002 native Chinese priests.

The paternal guidance of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate means a great encouragement to the Passionists, who are fortunately assigned to a district near him. At the present time when the missions are torn by civil strife and the constant fear of bandits, the missionaries are glad to have such a protector and devoted friend. To most of them, His Excellency will give that confidence and support they would otherwise lack on account of the strangeness of the people, the language, and the country, strange to them because they are in China such a short time, and because they have to count so much on the experience of others in their apostolic work.

The Passionists in China therefore regard the photograph of His Excellency as indeed a very welcome gift. They will treasure it, and gratefully remember him, beseeching God to bestow His heavenly riches on him and give him the power to accomplish very much for the Church in China, for the interests of our Holy Father,

and for the conversion of the Chinese nation to the true faith.

A Chinese Priest

FATHER Edmund sends us this delightful story of a Chinese priest. On their arrival in Hunan, the third band of Passionist Missionaries were entertained with warm hospitality by the Augustinian Fathers, who made them feel glad that



FR. EDMUND, C. P.

they had come to China. The hosts gave them a most pleasant and encouraging experience in bringing them to see Father Chang.

"Twenty miles south of Changch, quite hidden away in a forest of bamboo, lies the picturesque little village of Taoyuan. They told us it was founded very many years ago; in fact, many of the towns that now adorn the banks of the Yuan River were young when this place could claim an ancient glory. A casual observer would find in this old village nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of others in this part of China. The streets are narrow and muddy, and lined on either side with typical Chinese shops. The people here, as in so many other Hunan vil-

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lages, are poor and ignorant, and pass their days in a hard struggle for the mere pittance of rice that is their daily nourishment.

But Taoyuan has a distinction that singles it out from the other villages of the Province. It is the home of a saintly apostle of Christ, a Chinese priest, Father Matthias Chang. Forty long years have come and gone since this champion of the Gospel began his labors for Christ and Him Crucified, and for ages to come the results of his apostolic zeal will remain.

When the Augustinian Fathers decided to open a mission in the Province of Hunan, Father Matthias was a young student in the seminary at Shanghai. This was fifty years ago. Born of Christian parents, he had been reared in the fear and love of God. As he grew to young manhood, God bestowed on him the grace of a vocation to the priesthood. His sister entered the Convent about the same time that he left for the Seminary.

After spending some time at Shanghai, he learned of the determination of the Fathers to disregard the edict prohibiting all missionaries from entering Hunan. He also found out that some were going to leave Shanghai for the forbidden territory, and with a number of others he yearned to accompany them. He knew very well what such a mission would mean. From then on, his life at best would be one continual sacrifice. He must leave home, family, friends, and many things that interested him and like the Divine Master be content with home-wanderings and resignation to perpetual privation. It meant that a price would be offered for his head, and that he would be hunted like a wild beast.

His noble soul, however, never recoiled from the sacrifice, and with a truly generous spirit he offered himself to His Crucified Master through the hands of the missionaries. The Augustinian Fathers knew the sterling worth of this youth, whom God had committed to their care, and quickly perceived his divine vocation for the missions. Matthias therefore became one of the chosen few to set out for Hunan.

The story of those days will never be told. Only this much we know, that most of his time was spent as interpreter for one or other of the

missionaries, as they traveled about in quest of souls. Missionary and disciple were often obliged to flee for their lives; and they were for weeks and months hidden away in some Chinese junk. Then in such a unique classroom, Matthias Chang learned more and more of the science of the saints, and finished his studies in Theology.

At last the Fathers directed him to prepare for ordination. They had trained him spiritually and intellectually, and now decided he was ready for the great grace of Holy Orders. As Hunan had no Bishop in those days, he was presented to the Bishop of Hankow in the Province of Hupeh. This Prelate raised him to the sublime



MOST REV. CELSUS COSTANTINI

dignity of holy priesthood. It was indeed an extraordinary event, not only for the young priest, but also for the Augustinian Fathers, who regarded him as a wonderful gift from heaven for their arduous mission.

Animated with a zeal like that of the first apostles, Father Matthias journeyed up and down the country preaching the Gospel of Christ. No place was too remote; no hostile people deterred him; no obstacle ever long held him back in gaining more souls for God. In heaven alone is recorded his untiring labors and the marvelous success that crowned his efforts

Rapidly the days went by, but they could well be described in the words of St. Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians: "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils from false brethren, in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things, my solicitude for all the churches." (II Cor. vi. 26). Such was his life until six years ago, when the Bishop assigned him to take charge permanently of the mission at Taoyuan.

Our visit to this mission, which is named after the great St. Rita, was one that will never be forgotten. The venerable old man received us with every demonstration of fatherly affection. With great emotion, he told us of the joy that filled his heart at the sight of five more missionaries coming to teach his people the love of God and the way to heaven. In reply to our questions about himself and his long missionary career, the old priest modestly recalled many instances when God in His mercy and goodness had deigned to make him the instrument of divine grace and the dispenser of His heavenly gifts.

Even now, at the advanced age of seventy-three, Father Matthias Chang is still active in the service of His beloved Master. Unassisted, he ministers to the spiritual needs of more than seven hundred Christians in Taoyuan and scattered throughout fourteen mission stations. He has passed the scriptural age of three score and ten, and humanly speaking the night wherein no man can work is fast drawing near, but no matter when that call shall come, this Chinese priest will leave the world with a soul richly laden with good works and merits for everlasting life. Having so closely followed Our Lord Jesus Christ, he can say with Him as the end approaches: "I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do . . . and now I come to Thee."

As we left this mission of St. Rita and its saintly pastor, we breathed a fervent prayer that Almighty God would soon give China many apostles like Father Matthias Chang. "The harvest indeed is great, but the labor-

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ers are few." (S. Matt. ix. 37). We fondly hope that more Passionists will come to China in the near future, and that Sisterhoods will open many of their institutes here; for with numerous examples of priestly zeal and the religious life before them, Chinese youth will be more and more inspired to dedicate themselves to God's service. Helped by a native clergy, the Sons of St. Paul of the Cross and missionaries everywhere in China could make giant strides in the conversion of the pagan world.

On the Yuan River

THE Third Band of Passionists for the Chinese Missions will ever retain a vivid memory of the exciting incidents of their journey from America to China. The fire on board the boat, the typhoon, their experience with bandits formed so



many dark shadows across their way, but no less stirring and full of encouragement and delight was the warm reception of priests and Catholic people, and especially the great reunion with their fellow Passionists, and their safe arrival in North Hunan, the scene of their future labors. Father Constantine in the following letter describes the final stages of their trip.

"We arrived at Chanteh," he says, "on Saturday, September 15th, at half past nine in the evening. Owing to the unsettled conditions of the city, we did not go ashore but remained on board the boat until the next morning.

The Japanese boat, which had brought us from Hankow, remained anchored in the harbor, and we had to secure a small Chinese craft to carry us and our baggage to the shore. The little boat was compelled to force its way through the Chinese gunboats to make a landing, as Chanteh was the scene of a recent struggle when the troops of one General Tsao attempted to drive out the soldiers who held the place.

After we had celebrated Holy Mass,

steps were taken immediately to obtain a boat for the remainder of the way to Shenchowfu. This was rather difficult, as almost all the boats along the river had been commandeered by the soldiers. After some time, we succeeded in finding a boat. As soon as it was hired, the owner obtained from us



FATHER MATHIAS CHANG

the American flag and raised it at once lest his vessel might be seized for the war. Opposite the American flag, he placed another one with Chinese characters on it, explaining that the boat carried "Sen Fu", the priests of

the Catholic Church. Having completed all preparations necessary we recited together the prayers for a journey, and then started for the boat. Fathers Vincent and Leopold of the Augustinian Fathers, as well as Father Dominic, accompanied us on the trip. Slowly the large, awkward boat, its motive power fourteen Chinamen, moved out to midstream and started up the Yuan River.

To a lover of nature, the Yuan is one of the beautiful rivers of the world. Whether it meanders through the lowlands and numerous farms, or winds its way between the hills and mountains, there seems to be everywhere scenery as ever new as it is charming. For the first day you never grow tired watching the green cultivated fields on either side. And here and there the plodding water buffalo dragged along the crude plow, that the green fields might once again give good grain to men. When the hard day's work is done, the buffalo can be seen splashing about in the cool refreshing water of the river.

Small villages meet you at almost every turn, for the large population of China forces its way wherever land can be had. The houses are very small, and are usually built close together. The streets are more like alleys. Chickens, pigs, and dogs enjoy the freedom of the city. Most of the people seem to be very poor, and signs of poverty are visible in nearly every village. There is a pagan temple in every place, and it always arouses thoughts of how much better all those people would be if they knew the Divine Savior and worshipped the True God.

We had many occasions during the journey to observe the religious spirit imbedded in the hearts of the Chinese people. They would never attempt to pass the more dangerous rapids until they had burnt joss sticks and paper money to the gods. When the danger was passed, a bronze or pagan monk would be waiting on the shore to receive rice, and more paper money and joss sticks would be offered to him in thanksgiving. Frequently one sees the shrines erected to the gods. Some of them are very picturesque, adorning some lofty cliff so they can be seen for many miles, the first object to meet your eye and the last to pass from view.

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of The Sign in behalf of the following recently deceased:

SISTER MARY OF ST. FRANCIS
XAVIER HOFFMAN
MARGARET McLAUGHLIN
JOHN McPARTLAND
MARGARET O'HARE
SARAH MAHER
BRIDGET COSTELLO
WILLIAM MCGOWAN
ELLEN MCKEEVER
ANN DALY
ANNA FITZPATRICK
EDWARD FIELDING
MICHAEL MURPHY

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the Mercy of God rest in peace.

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Morning and evening the Chinese on our boat would worship their gods. They burnt incense and paper money, and while burning continued, they would bow profoundly up and down. What a contrast in the early morning to Holy Mass! At one end of the boat, the dim light of two candles burning on the altar made known a little group of persons assembled for the adorable sacrifice of the Mass. At the tingle of the little bell, they all bowed low in adoration of the One True God, and praised Him, Who descended from His Throne in Heaven to that poor boat to comfort His priests and His children present for that Mass. The priest stood there praying fervently, the smell of pagan incense was at moments wafted by, and the ashes from their offerings sprinkled the altar at which he stood. But how pleasing to God, and how consoling to the Divine Heart of Christ Jesus, must have been the true sacrifice offered in this land, where for so long Satan and idolatry have held sway!

As in a meadow or the marshland, here and there a beautiful flower may be found, so on this trip two incidents occurred that offset the pagan practices we were forced to witness. We were stopped at a small city by some soldiers, who demanded to see our pass from the Chinese General. Fortunately we were able to show the pass, and were no longer molested. A young Chinese came on board at the time to see us. His first act was to make the Sign of the Cross on himself to let us know he too was a Catholic. He told us he had seen the Sen Fu flag, and he wanted to come aboard to express his greetings. Then when we came to another place a devout Catechist on her way to Shenchowfu discovered our boat, and joined us for the rest of the way. Every morning she assisted with great devotion at two of the Masses.

When night came on, our boat stopped near some village for the sake of

protection. As the darkness increased, we could see the lights and smell the incense which the boatmen burnt to the gods to save them from bandits and the civil war. The words of the Office of Compline, the Church's prayer at night, filled us with courage and consolation, and with our hearts we repeated often: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." And again: "Keep us, O Lord, as the pupil of the eye; protect us beneath the shadow of Thy wings."

At last the day dawned when we were to set foot for the first time in the Passionist Chinese mission field. Our realization of the fact that we were near Shenchowfu came the previous day when a messenger hurried down the river with a letter addressed to "Rev. Father Dominic, somewhere on the Yuan River." It expressed the greetings and a welcome from the Fathers at Shenchowfu. But we watched every side of the river for the first sight of someone from "Home." We were rewarded at last, for galloping along the shore towards us were Fathers Agatho and Raphael. With all the waving and shouting we carried on, the natives must have thought we lost our senses, but it was a moment of supreme happiness to see them and we forgot about the Chinese.

Our welcome to China was truly expressed at Shenchowfu. Our long journey was ended. They had in truth prepared a grand reception for us. All the Passionist Fathers in China were there, except three who could not come in to greet us, because of the distance of their missions and the dangers of traveling in certain parts of Hunan. The soldiers with bands of music and a great number of flags were lined up on the shore. Crowds of men, women, and children also were on hand to see the new "Sen Fu" from America, and to bid them a Chinese welcome to Shenchowfu.

Five sedan chairs decked with gorge-

ous colors and green boughs were waiting for us when we came ashore. We took our places, and then after a grand salute from the soldiers, the march began to the Mission. So did the fire works. They did not send off a few at a time, like we were accustomed to in the States, but two men carried long poles on which were strung pack after pack of fire crackers and as the procession moved along they set off as many as possible. One of the poles was just in back of my chair, and every now and then a fire cracker would come pretty close to my face, and others came on to the chair.

Besides the terrible racket of the fire works, the people kept up one continuous yelling to make way for us. The procession finally passed through the narrow streets and reached the gates of the Mission. Shenchowfu certainly knew we had arrived, and it gathered around the Mission entrance in crowds. The buildings had been decorated with the American and Chinese flags in honor of our coming; and from the gates to the door of the house a canopy had been built of green branches of trees and bunting of every color. We walked under the canopy, and then turned toward the people while one of the Catechists made a speech telling them the purpose of our coming.

After the speech, we all went into the church and sang the "Te Deum" in gratitude for our safe arrival in China. As the familiar words rang out clear and strong through the edifice, they seemed for the moment to unite the present with the past; for we thought of the last time we had sung this same hymn of praise in the United States. We began our lives as missionaries in China with the words of this inspired song, and it is our prayer and fervent hope that when our missionary labors are over, we shall sing it together in heaven."

FATHER CONSTANTINE, C. P.

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made for donations received up to and including the 15th of November, for the Chinese Mission, and for the relief of the famine sufferers:

CIRCLES: No. 10, \$20.00; No. 6, \$4.00;	\$3.00; West Hoboken, M. L. \$5.00; L. P.	\$5.10; M. T. \$5.00. PENNSYLVANIA:
No. 10, \$5.00; No. 5, \$7.00; No. 14, \$6.00;	\$5.00; W. H. \$5.00; M. M. \$1.00; M. C.	Pittsburgh, \$15.00; F. G. \$20.00; Phila-
No. 11, \$10.00; No. 10, \$3.00; No. 18,	\$2.09; W. H. \$5.00; Summit, A. M. B.	delphia, M. C. \$2.00; Millvale, T. R. \$5.00;
\$20.00; St. Mary's, \$3.25; St. Louise,	\$1.00; Harrison, M. M. \$10.00; Jersey	Dummore, A. T. \$5.00; Scranton, L. C.
\$10.00; St. Ann's, \$12.70; St. Joseph's,	City, J. O. R. \$25.00; M. H. \$5.00; Prince-	\$2.46; Pittsburgh, S. C. \$5.00; Scranton,
\$11.65; St. Mary's, \$10.00. ARIZONA:	ton, H. D. \$5.00; Lakewood, F. B. \$1.00;	T. F. C. \$10.00; A. M. D. \$3.00; Friends,
Tucson, A. K. \$1.00. CONNECTICUT:	Belleville, A. M. F. \$1.00; Union Hill, A.	\$3.00; Pittsburgh, C. F. \$40.00. RHODE
Bridgeport, J. C. \$1.00. KENTUCKY:	W. \$7.00. NEW YORK: New York City,	ISLAND: Providence, J. F. \$5.00.
Owensboro, F. A. \$1.87. MASSACHU-	E. B. O'B. \$5.00; L. M. W. \$10.00; F. M.	SOUTH DAKOTA: Deadwood, H. E.
SETTS: Framingham, S. S. S. \$50.00;	I. \$2.00; Brooklyn, M. B. \$2.00; W. C.	\$2.00; H. F. \$3.00. WISCONSIN: Cole-
Wollaston, J. J. M. \$4.70; Dorchester, E.	\$5.20; A. M. \$100.00; Rome, A. M. P.	man, M. M. \$11.00. ONTARIO, CAN-
H. \$5.00; Boston, M. M. \$10.55. NEW	\$5.00; Tarrytown, M. T. \$5.00. OHIO:	ADA: Carleton, M. G. \$3.00.
JERSEY: Newark, A. E. \$1.00; C. L.	Cleveland, A. P. 1.00; Cincinnati, S. T.	

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Something New in Shenchowfu

THE progress of the mission at Shenchowfu encourages all the Passionists in China. From time to time they must go there to procure supplies for their different stations. They return to their missions with new hope and courage to build them up like Shenchowfu. However, there is only one Brother Lambert in China at present. He acts as the engineer, architect and builder for the missionaries. In order to get workmen, he must run a kind of trade school teaching the Chinese how to use tools and the way to follow his plans.

"By this time," he writes, "you must have learned how I have been occupied since coming to China, and likely enough it will be the same kind of work for a long time to come. First, we had to build a house for the missionaries in this place. The one formerly used for the priest's house was too small; in fact, it was intended for only one missionary, and consisted of two or three rooms. As Shenchowfu will be the central residence in our district, it was necessary to make an addition to the building. We have now several more living rooms, and a larger dining room, kitchen, and rooms for the cook.

Workmen over here have very poor tools. It requires much patience to instruct them in the use of our kind of tools, and as you know we have only a few of them. The men here have no idea of exact work; anything will satisfy them that will hold together or remain standing. It has cost me a lot of trouble to put it into their heads that the walls must be perfectly straight and the angles square. They follow my instructions while I am looking at them, but they seem to forget easily and it demands constant attention to get things done right.

We are now constructing a school for catechumens. The style of building is something new in this part of China. Main factors of the new school are arches of great span, some of them over twenty feet. As they never made such big arches before, I had to teach them at every step. This was no easy job, for the Chinese are slow to depart from their old traditions, and very quickly return to them.

With my men, however, I had one

advantage. This building appears to every Chinaman as extraordinary, and it makes the workmen feel proud they are able to do such a piece of work. Now that they understand what I want them to do, and seeing they are really succeeding in it, all of them are much elated over their achievement.

Another fact that helped me very much was the building of a new school near here by the non-Catholics. They are spending \$20,000 on it. They brought skilled workmen from Hankow.



SOME OF BROTHER LAMBERT'S HELPERS

Trained according to Western methods, they are of course better and quicker than Shenchowfu men. But my workmen do not want to be considered inferior, and strive to be equal to those from Hankow. I encourage the rivalry and do all I can to inspire them with more and more emulation.

How do I like the life here? Well, you should have come to the conclusion before this time that I do like it very much. There is much to be done here for the greater glory of God. Some has been done, but there are many things to be accomplished before we can ever be satisfied. As a tiny wheel, I have a part in this great work, and beg you to pray for me that I may do well everything the Divine Master expects from me here in China.

Around Shenchowfu, every bit of available ground is cultivated. Farm implements are poor and antiquated,

but the farmers succeed in getting good crops and are well paid for them. The chief product of course is rice. They also cultivate cabbages, turnips and other vegetables of different kinds. When we came here first, I tried to teach the cook how to prepare the food in the European way, but as he made everything dripping with fat and could not be persuaded to do otherwise, we gave up the task. So now we are eating chow.

As there is a non-Catholic hospital in this place, I attend the sick only once in a while. We have no dispensary, and the few medicines we brought with us and those you sent are nearly all used up. We hope that some day there will be a Catholic hospital and a large community of Sisters.

The new missionaries arrived September 27th and brought me several fine presents. Please thank those good benefactors who did not forget me. The paring knives, can opener, and other things will come in very handy, and will be a great help to us.

Everything is quiet here, though some hundred miles east there is fighting between the southern troops and the military governor of the province. The people don't care who is boss, if they would only be left alone, it is hard for them to see their homes looted by the winners as much as by the losers. The latter usually turn out as bandits.

BROTHER LAMBERT, C. P.

A Visit to Kienyang

GENEROUS self sacrifice, ardent zeal for the welfare of souls, and unwearied efforts to accomplish much for God and His Church are familiar characteristics of priests devoted to the foreign missions. One may recognize such qualities in Father



Kevin, the missionary of Yuan-chow. His letters reveal deep interest in the conversion of the pagans, and expresses so much courage, hope and enthusiasm, that with the divine blessing he will succeed in building up a splendid congregation of devoted

THE † SIGN

Catholic people at his mission. The ambition to be an ideal apostle of Jesus Crucified, and the striving to live up to this sublime vocation, helps all the missionaries in their troubles and disappointments as it encourages them to look to God for guidance protection and support.

Father Kevin writes: "After months and months of preparation, of daily recitation and explanation of doctrine, those catechumens are chosen who are the most fit to receive the Holy Sacrament of Baptism.

Among the number chosen to receive the Sacrament of Baptism was an elderly woman. The day before the **B**aptism, she with the others renewed her faith to be baptized. When morning came, however, all were present except this individual. Her absence was conspicuous. Was it possible that she was sick during the night, or was it that she feared to take the step?

Here is her own reply to the Missionary: "While I was most anxious to receive the Gift of God, yet I did not feel sufficiently prepared. I would prefer to wait a little longer and prepare myself better for this precious grace which God offers to me. I want to know beforehand what I am doing and all the obligations that will follow upon my baptism." This briefly was her answer why she had not presented herself with the rest.

I know not what to admire most, her simplicity of soul or her high regard for the Sacrament of Baptism. She earnestly desired it, and still feared to receive it until she had become thoroughly acquainted with its meaning. Such conduct on the part of a pagan should be known throughout the world as an example of how the Catholic Faith appeals to the people of China.

The example of their lives is the best proof that they appreciate the saving waters of Baptism. Every day, morning and evening, many of these Christians living near the Mission, come to the Chapel to recite their prayers together. Even in the out Missions, where there is no resident missionary, the custom of assembling for morning and evening prayers is never neglected.

After all we can think or say about the necessity of our presence here, it amounts to little. None of us are ab-

solutely needed, for God can easily get others to do the same work for Him. This thought is sufficient to keep me down in the dust, and look to Him for real help. Pray often for us that we may do some good over here. The others in the field have the same battles to fight, and we need all the prayers you can obtain for us and for the conversion of China.

The building of the Chapel at Yuanchow has caused me much worry. While I have a competent helper in the Spanish Father, yet I must take care of the expenses of the building. It is almost a custom here in China that when a building is near completion, the workmen strike for more wages. Our Chapel was not an exception. Unless they got their extra wages, we would have no assurance of the building being finished for months to come.

Last Saturday I came to Kienyang to relieve Father Timothy, who left the following day for Shenchowfu. The Mission at Kienyang is only a rented house. We entertain the hope that the landlord will come down in his price. If he does, then we can buy it and fix it up to suit ourselves. The Chinese are very loathe to sell to foreigners. If they sell at all, they invariably ask an exorbitant sum.

Since his arrival at Kienyang, Fr. Timothy has labored for the Mission assiduously, and I was glad to see him go to Shenchowfu to take a short rest. He said he was going there to make a retreat, and when he returns, no doubt he will accomplish more by his inflamed zeal.

Since writing the above incidents, I have received a telegram from Father Timothy telling me of his capture by the bandits. He left here Sunday morning for Shenchowfu, and he met the bandits at Tungwan, in the Prefecture of Kienyang, a few miles from the mission here.

He told me in the telegram his boat had been fired upon and stopped, and then they despoiled him of all he had with him. God certainly protected him, and he is now safe and sound in Shenchowfu.

Formerly this Province of Hunan was the most peaceful of all the eighteen provinces of China. It is now the scene of the greatest unrest. Owing to factions between the Generals at Changsha and Shenchowfu. At pres-

ent they are waging war in and about Supu, the home of Father Flavian's mission. He states in a letter that it looks as though the Shenchow men are losing the battle. Daily Father Flavian acts the part of a doctor as well as priest, for he does all he can for the wounded and dying soldiers.

Gemma's League

NO amount of money can give the priests who go to China from this country the health and strength necessary for their arduous work, much less the divine protection and help in converting the pagans to the true Faith. Prayer and good works for the Chinese Missionaries and for the success of their labors are therefore requested from all friends and benefactors of the Passionist Chinese Missions.

Just as Blessed Teresa, "the Little Flower," has been chosen a Patron of the foreign missions, so in a similar way we have taken Gemma Galgani, a true follower of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord, as the Patron of this league of prayer for China. During her short life, she obtained by her pains and prayers the conversion of numerous souls, and by her intercession she will secure for the Fathers in China those gifts that God alone can bestow.

We have then printed lists of prayers and good works for the Passionist Chinese Missions, and will gladly send them on request, or they may be procured from any Passionist Monastery. These lists should be forwarded to The Chinese Bureau, St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J., and they will be sent to the Fathers in China to encourage them and make them feel assured of the divine blessings.

We are happy to record that since this League was started the following prayers and good works have been offered for the Passionist Missions in China: Masses said, 13; Masses heard, 4,937; Holy Communions, 2921; Spiritual Communions, 18,439; Rosaries, 97,869; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 21,320; Ejaculations, 2,345,947; Sacrifices, 23,460; Sufferings, 11,060; Various Good Works 176,234.

Write at once for a list you can keep near you, and thus take an active part in the Passionist Missions in China.



INDEX TO WORTHWHILE READING

Christ the Life of the Soul. Spiritual Conferences. By the Right Rev. D. Columba Marmion. Abbot of Maredsous Abbey. Translated from the French. Prefaces by His Eminence Cardinal Mercier and His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The reader of this illuminating and inspiring book will, no doubt, call to mind the motto of Pope Pius X "To restore all things in Christ." Such is the avowed purpose of the Author, for he tells us in the foreword, "My object in these, as in all my other instructions, is to fix the eyes and the hearts of my readers on Jesus Christ and on His Word. He is the Alpha and the Omega of all sanctity and His word is the divine seed, from which all sanctity springs."

Abbot Marmion has so far succeeded in accomplishing his purpose that he has merited for his work not only high appreciation from two Princes of the Church but also a letter of approbation from the late Pope Benedict XV for the original French edition. This in itself is commendation enough. But when we learn that "The Conferences" have already passed through 15 French editions in four years; that translations have also been made into Dutch, Italian and Polish and that it is now being put into German, Spanish and Portuguese dress, we have more abundant proof to show that there was a need for such a work and that the work supplies the demand. It is a return to Christ for the inspiration of the Christian Life. It is a return to Scripture, for the expression of that inspiration.

It is the sublime simplicity of the work which grips the attention of the reader and carries him along with such an ease and a pleasure that the conviction steals in upon him that sanctity is not such a complex and mechanical process as it is so often made out to be by so many modern "spiritual books."

Here is a book that preaches Christ to us in the very words of Christ. A book that reveals Christ to us as He

revealed Himself to His disciples and as they in their turn made Him known and loved to their contemporaries. It is a book, therefore, that is the fruit of close contact with Christ Himself in prayer and loving meditation. It breathes of the truth which Christ has left to His Church, which is not new but ancient, apostolic and scriptural. We need not expect to find in its pages that kind of sanctity which is measured out to us with mathematical precision by the spoonful, it comes to us rather like a flood of light from the "Light inaccessible." It loses not itself in a multiplicity of details which would weary us. It builds not on any human ingenuity, but on one only foundation—"which is Christ Jesus."

Christ is presented to us not as "One of our devotions," nor as the most important one among them, but as our "only devotion" around whom clusters the varied expression of Christian piety. We come to appreciate the truth that Christ is "Our Life"; that He is "our wisdom, justice, sanctification and redemption; that He is "full of grace" not for Himself alone, but also for us, of "Whose fulness we have all received."

As we read, we see brought out into bolder prominence that truth that God has given to Christ the fulness of grace that we may find in HIM all that we need. We shall see how the early Christians understood this truth and how living by this doctrine, "Christ was their life," and that "Their lives were hid with Christ in God," that "Christ was the light of their lives," since He was the "Sun of Justice" in whose warmth they "mounted upward and bore much fruit."

With St. Thomas of Aquin, the prince of Theologians, as his guide, the author shows us Christ as the cause of all our sanctity. Christ causes holiness in us by placing Himself before us as a pattern most likely to allure us on to copy Him in our lives. Our Lord said to Philip: "He who seeth Me, seeth the Father also." We need only look at Christ to know, to love and to serve God. Whether we find Him in

the Crib, or at Nazareth or in the streets and towns of Judea and Galilee, or dying upon the Cross, we shall hear Him saying: "He who seeth me, seeth the Father." It is easy then to be like God, to imitate Christ "as most dear children." Perfection is then the following of Christ. And the author never tires in quoting St. Paul's expressions "We must put on Christ," "Christ must be formed in us," we must bear the "image of Christ" so the traditional definition of a Christian is, "Christianus, Alter Christus," "The Christian is another Christ."

Nor is Christ a mere model for us to follow: He is the cause of our sanctity by securing for us a RIGHT to have His likeness produced in us. His life and more especially His death have merited this for us. Nor is HE only a meritorious cause of our holiness but even the efficient cause thereof. Christ intimately and directly by means of the Church, and her ministry produces this grace in our innermost souls. It is He who really baptizes us, He who absolves us from sins and sacrifices Himself daily in the Holy Mass. Christ is the principal agent in every sacramental act. He is the teacher in the Church, for the Spirit of the Church is the spirit of Jesus. It is with this spirit that the Church began and it is with this spirit that she will continue till the "end of time." Christ is the very truth "The Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end." These truths are set out before us not in dry theological treatises, but in vivid language just as they were delivered to those who first heard them. In fact the author testifies that the translator of his work has preserved even what is most personal in the original.

Every Religious, but more especially every priest, should have a copy of this book. It will be an unfailing source of light and strength. The words of Cardinal Bourne will certainly be realized in the case of those who may look into its pages: "Many will rise up to vigor in their striving after God."

A. M. C. P.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



THIS picture represents Christ knocking at a door. It is symbolic of any inspiration He sends to our heart to do a good deed. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He may use anything as an inspiration. To some this page may be one of His inspirations. Every good work should have our hearty approval. It should also have our help, if we can afford to give it. To help the Chinese Missions is not to throw something to a begging charity. It is a high privilege. Please regard it is such!

In helping the Missions you are extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom, you are bringing His grace to souls for whom He died, you are supporting the arms of His unselfish Missionaries, you are storing up treasure for eternity, you are working with Christ, who deigns not only to accept your help but even to need it!

CATECHISTS

A Catechist is absolutely necessary in every Chinese village, where there are only a few Catholics. His office is to teach Christian Doctrine, to preside at the public prayers when the priest cannot be present, to visit the sick, and baptize the dying. The sum of \$15.00 monthly will support a Catechist and permit him to give all his time to the work of the mission.

MISSION-CIRCLES

A mission-Circle is a group of persons who are interested in the missions and who contribute a definite sum every week for the missions. A Senior Circle is composed of men and women. A Junior Circle is composed of boys and girls. Why not start a Circle today. Write for further information.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Passionist Missionaries now laboring in China are:

Father Dominic Langenbacher
Father Celestine Rodden
Father Agatho Purtill
Father Raphael Vance
Father Paul Ubinger
Father Kevin Murray
Father Flavian Mullins
Father Timothy McDermott

Designated gifts and contributions for individual missionaries will be promptly forwarded.

MITE BOXES AND DIME BANKS

An easy way of helping the Missions is to patronize the Mite-Box or Dime-Bank. Coins dropped in to these will not be missed. We have one ready for you. A card will fetch it by return mail. Write the card now!

BUILDINGS

Buildings are urgently needed in the Passionist Missions in Hu-

nan. Approximate cost of building:

A CHAPEL.....\$ 500.00
A SCHOOL..... 1,000.00
AN ORPHANAGE.... 5,000.00

Donors have the privilege of naming the building. What an honor to be allowed to erect a

HERE AND NOW!

We all wish to do something for God and Souls.

The difficulty with many of us is that we don't know how. On this page you will find some helpful hints. Read them carefully.

We are not ignorant—we know the True God. Help to bring the knowledge of Him to the pagans of China! We are rich—none of us is starving. Give something to feed the famine-stricken poor of China!

We have all the treasures of our Catholic Faith. Do something to bring that Faith, with its blessings, to the unfortunate Chinese!

Thoughtfulness and forgetfulness are the main reasons for many a neglected opportunity.

We often dream of doing big things which we'll probably never be able to do; and we fail to do the many little things that we can easily do. If your means are limited, don't think about building a chapel or school or orphanage. Just send us a nickel or a dime to buy a few bricks! Every gift to the Missions, no matter how small, will be gratefully received.

home for the Blessed Sacrament, or a school where Christ's religion is taught or an institution where the poor, the sick and the orphan are cared for in His Name! What better memorial to a deceased father or mother!

BRICKS

You may not be able to donate the money for an entire building. You can contribute to one. How about buying some bricks. They're cheap.

ONE BRICK—ONE CENT!

TRIP-SPONSORS

Trip-Sponsors pay the traveling expenses of the Missionaries from America to China. Expenses amount to about \$500.00. In a few months we shall have at least four more Missionaries going to China. Who will be the first Trip-Sponsor?

BABIES

You know what a Baby is. But (thank God!) you are not familiar with starving and abandoned Babies. These are very common in China. An abandoned Baby can be rescued for \$5.00. A starving Baby can be fed for \$5.00 a month. "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me!"

NO POCKETS

It is a great mistake to give nothing because you can give only a little. Give what you can. Make the most of your best. And—Now! There are no pockets in the shroud. We carry no worldly goods into eternity. Nothing but our souls!

ADDRESS

Please address all communications about the Passionist Missions in China to

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West Hoboken, N. J.



During the past month many have asked for Dime Banks or Mite Boxes. Did you forget to ask? It is one way of helping the Chinese Missions.



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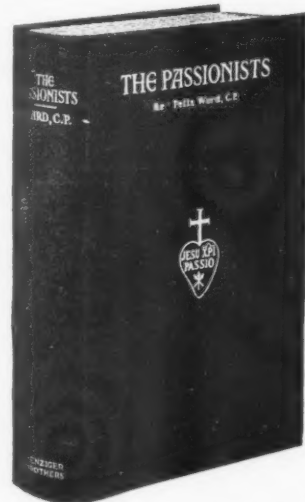
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